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ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

ASSISTED BY

DANIEL G. BRINTON and ROBERT S. DAVIS.

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 7, 1882.

THE excellent article which appeared as an editorial in a recent number of the *CONTINENT* entitled "Bankruptcy—the Lowell and Ingalls Bills," was from the pen of Col. A. W. Shaffer of Raleigh, N. C. The article has been adopted by the New York and Boston Business Directory Associations as the best statement of the relations of business men to bankruptcy legislation that has yet been written. Col. Shaffer's thorough knowledge of the subject fully justifies this preference. The entire practicality of his views upon any subject makes them of especial value.

FEW artists of the present day have succeeded in accumulating so fair a portion of this world's goods as Hans Makart. He is a pupil of Piloty, and lives now in a palace near Vienna, said palace being the result of his own labors, his studio being magnificent in its appointments, and the fittings and decoration of the whole structure of equal beauty and profuseness. To Americans he is best known through the superb picture, "Venice doing homage to Catharine Cornaro," and two decorative friezes, "The Abundance of the Land and Sea," both exhibited at the Centennial, the first having been bought by the German Government for the museum at Berlin. Engravings and photographs have been made from various other pictures, "The Entry of Charles V into Antwerp" and "Romeo and Juliet" being most popular. As grouper and colorist he has hardly an equal, and as he is just in his prime even better work may confidently be looked for.

The South and Immigration.

THE North has been built up by a continuous stream of immigration which is steadily increasing from year to year. "More men" has been the yearning cry of the great West. All its miracles have been performed by the magic of imported life. Chicago's palaces, the Pacific railroads, and all that wondrous life they typify, are all the result of this hungering and thirsting of the western soil for new life—fresh blood. The problem of the transfusion of blood has been solved. Our veins are yearly replenished from the heart-beats of the Old World. Given a location and in a decade we built up a State. It is not surprising that this ever-recurring miracle of our life should incline the Northern mind to look upon immigration as the sovereign remedy for all economic needs and all political evils. We have a class of political theorists at the North who are forever repeating this prescription as a sufficient cure-all for the evils that have afflicted or may hereafter afflict the South. The same cry is also uttered by a portion of the Southern press and people. To these two classes, however, immigration does not mean the same thing. The Northern man knows that immigration, in its usual sense, does not mean the transmigration of men who have already fought the battle of life and acquired a competency. The motive which inspires the mass of men to change their homes, surroundings and social habits, is not merely salubrity and comfort. The man who is rich can live anywhere at ease. The whole world is his domicile. He can stay everywhere and live nowhere. The Northern theorist knows, that as a rule, a Northern man who has made a fortune at the North will prefer to stay there. He may dawdle in Florida; his imagination may teem with the fancied profits of Orange growing and he may fondly imagine that a new life and a new success awaits him in the Land of Flow-ers. As a rule however, the man who has achieved success will die upon the field where he fought and won in the battle of life. The men who move, those who emigrate, are those who seek elsewhere what they have not at home. It is not the very poorest, for a man needs not only some cash but considerable pluck to adventure the struggle of life on an unknown field. It is generally the man who has his fortune to make or that of his

children to secure who becomes an emigrant. Of this class muscle and brain are the chief capital. There may be a moderate amount of money—enough to tide the family over until a crop is raised or enough to make a first payment on land bought on long credit and expected to be fully paid for out of the proceeds of the emigrant's labor and that of his family. This is the Northern man's idea of emigration, as he has seen it, sitting by the gateways of the world's great transmigration for a hundred years. This is what he regards as the cure for all the South's mischances.

Not so with the Southern man who is a promoter of immigration to his region. His idea of the immigrant who is needed there is one who has money enough and to spare—a speculator, an employer. It is not labor but money which is thought desirable. The man who can purchase large tracts of land, erect great manufacturing, make great investments is the immigrant whom the Southern man has in his eye when he speaks of the need which the South has for immigration and development. To his mind the immigrant who brings only his brain and brawn is an intruder rather than a blessing, not merely because he comes from beyond the South but because he only "brings coals to Newcastle." The South has already a superabundance of men whose only capital is an inexhaustible supply of day's works. It has "common livers" in abundance too, men who work hard for a slender support. What is the sense of a laboring man going from the North to the South when in any portion of the former his work is worth from three to five times as much as in the latter? The South has laborers enough and poor men enough without importing more. A region where men are hired at from six to twelve dollars a month, three pounds of pork and a peck of meal a week, with a fifty dollar house to shelter a family—would be foolish indeed to seek such immigration as the bulk which comes to our shores. The Southern man is entirely right in his view of their needs.

On the other hand, it is equally true, that very few of the class desired will ever go to the South. Capitalists may invest money here and there. Great enterprises may be undertaken and carried through by Northern enterprise and Northern capital. But the number of Northern or foreign families of the class desired who will become permanent residents of the South for many years to come will be comparatively few. Of course there will be sporadic efforts to establish communities there like the genial "Tom Brown's" quixotic New Rugby; and now and then individual instances of men who will be charmed by the climate and their expectation of enormous profit who will adventure upon settlement there. These will come and go. Success and failure will keep the number probably about at its present relative point; but it may safely be affirmed, that at no time in the near future will the number of these be sufficient to have any appreciable effect on the tone and character of Southern society.

The reasons for this are not far to seek, nor is it necessary to consider at all its political character. This is at the best, temporary and not only susceptible of change but almost certain to be subject to it. The political complexion of the South might be changed to-morrow without in any appreciable degree affecting the truth of our view. The reasons to which we refer underlie all merely surface manifestations of feeling or inclination. They are not temporary but radical. The first of these reasons is the fact that nearly one-half of the population of those States is of the African race or of an African admixture; and that this element is increasing in a ratio hitherto unprecedented on our continent. Of course, we must add to this the fact that this race is as yet, poor, uneducated and far below the average of Northern society, in enterprise, intelligence and skill.

To this must be added the fact that the South has almost ceased to be a feeder of the West—except what we call the Southwest and this even in a greatly reduced degree. Previous to 1860, one-fourth of the white population born in the older Southern States went westward for their homes. At one time the State of North Carolina had nearly one-half as many white children resident at the West as at home. These were mostly in Indiana, Illinois and Kansas. This emigration was mainly from the "common liver," working class, sometimes called "poor whites." Owing to its enforced interruption during the war and the changed relations which succeeded it this emigration has almost ceased. The bulk of the young men who come North now are unusually enterprising scions of old families who come to recruit broken fortunes. This fact adds year to year, very rapidly (for these "poor whites" are by far the most fecund class of our native American whites), to the unskilled labor of that region. Their intelligence also, is of a comparatively low grade.

These two classes, for many years, if not forever, must constitute a vast majority of the Southern people. They make up at least two-thirds and more probably three-fourths of the population of the former slave region. Neither of them are attractive to the well-to-do emigrant whether from the North or from over the sea. It is not the fault of the classes themselves; nor is it the especial fault of the Southern people. More properly it is their misfortune. It is the heritage of slavery for which the nation was responsible. It is worthy of consideration as emphasizing the conclusion to which one of the most influential Southern journals recently arrived from other premises, that "the salvation of the

South must come from within." It is emphatically true. The South must work out her own destiny with her own people. It may be dark or bright. The problems it has yet to solve are full of glowing possibility as well as darkling horror. The elements are so mixed that the man of men may come forth from the womb of the future or a misshapen monster. It has been hitherto a peculiar people and will be for many a generation. The North may aid and largely shape this development and doubtless will do so; but it will not be by emigration thither nor yet by sitting by and reiterating that there is nothing more to do. The Southern question, in one form or another, will continue to be the element of our national politics for many a year because of the facts. The duty of all is to face them fairly and solve them honestly. That man who lately gave a million dollars to educate the colored race of the South will—if it is managed with sense and not wasted in bricks and mortar—have forged thereby one of the wards upon the key that shall unlock the future.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

Personals.

THE veteran field marshal and chief of staff, Count Von Moltke, who has long threatened withdrawal from active service, has taken an indefinite leave of absence and will resign formally on its close.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, who mourned bitterly at being driven out by city improvements from the house he had occupied in quiet for many years, has succeeded in finding another almost as old-fashioned and quite as retired, and hopes to retain long and undisturbed possession.

AFTER "Home, Sweet Home," probably no song has had more world-wide popularity than "Kathleen Mavourneen," sung wherever English is spoken. The author, F. N. Crouch, now in his old age, is reduced to extreme poverty, and a public subscription for his benefit has just been started in Portland, Maine.

MADAME ROUZAND determined very shortly after her husband's death to resume her own name, indignation that property earned by her own exertions should, for want of any will, pass to his relatives, having been one reason for her decision. All visitors who ask for Madame Rouzand are in turn asked, "You mean Madame Nilsson, don't you?" and the hint needs no repetition.

A MERE piece of butchery has been the latest attempt at amusing the two burly sons of the Prince of Wales, now in Ceylon. They were eager for a "buffalo hunt," but as strict orders had been given that they should not be allowed to run the slightest danger of injury, a tame buffalo was turned out, and after being chased by dogs till wild with rage and fear was shot down by one of the princes, a rather ignoble beginning of a sportsman's life.

THE army has resumed its old hold on Baron Von Brockdorff, a nephew of Count Von Moltke, and an officer in a crack regiment in the Prussian army during the recent war with France. To the surprise of every one who knew him he some time since accepted the professorship of modern languages at the Maryland Agricultural College, but in action proved impossible, and he has returned to Germany to re-enter the Imperial army, to the great loss of the college.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury, who celebrated his eighty-second birthday April 28, is not only in excellent health but one of the hardest workers in London. Not only is he an active member of Parliament, having begun his public career in the lower house fifty-six years ago, but his name is identified with every philanthropic movement in England, his attention being given most deeply to the physical, mental and moral condition of the lower classes in London.

THE literary world is not alone in its mourning over the death of John Francis, the late editor of *The Athenaeum*. For many years all his spare time was given to work among the poor in the district of St. Giles, London. Here, as the leader of a band of Baptist missionaries, he labored, spending every Sunday afternoon with his protégés, to whom he gave annually a good Christmas dinner. He opened also a free reading room, and assisted hundreds with loans and gifts, the majority whom he helped becoming self-supporting.

AUGUST and the ancient city of Karanovatz, in Serbia, will witness a singular ceremony in the crowning of King Milan I, of Serbia. In the monastery of Siëzi in that city seven Serbian kings of the Nemanich dynasty have been crowned, a new opening having been made at each coronation through the outer wall, whence, as it was broken away, issued the newly-crowned monarch sword in hand, and on his head the "diadem of Dushan." Siëzi has long been called "the Cloister of the Seven Doors," and now an eighth opening is to be made in the old wall for the first sovereign of the Obrenovich dynasty.

A NEW and picturesque story of the Franco-Prussian war is just now current in Paris. M. Ambroise Thomas the composer was forced to flee from his lovely villa at Argenteuil, filled with treasures of art. On the entry of the Prussians one of their officers inquired for the villa, and after writing a line on a card slipped it under the door. He wrote also on the garden gate a few words in German, and then passed on. Argenteuil was a thoroughfare, and its houses all occupied, but that of Thomas stood unlooted. When the war ended, Thomas returned, finding everything as he had left it, and on the card slipped under the door a German name, and written below it, "The nephew of Meyerbeer."

A MINOR SYMPHONY.

THE winds have cadences at eventide,
That pulseless lie,
Beneath the morning sky;
From realms of deepest mystery they glide.

Grave autumn hath a grand deep undertone
In anthem tunes;
Which laughing, leaf-crowned Junes
In all their choral wealth have never known.

When harps that we have loved through all these years
In rhythmic flow,
Sound oft the tremolo;
How broken our antiphony by tears!

When far from shore sounds some melodious psalm
Which once most near
Entranced the listening ear,
How hushed we pray that wind and wave be calm!

But far, oh far the dark horizon line;—
Our comrades still,
To whom we call at will,
Held fast by love-cords from the sea's incline.

And when the diapason swells at even,
Spell-bound we stand,
As by some border land
When all the harmonies are caught from heaven.

MRS. J. OLIVER SMITH.

A Bit of Southwestern Life.

BY LOUISE COFFIN JONES.

It was early in March, and the beauty of Southern spring-time was upon the land. Peach trees were covered with pink blossoms; hyacinths, daffodils and jonquils were blooming in the borders, and the innumerable rose-vines and bushes which have caused the name "City of Roses" to be bestowed upon Little Rock were clothing themselves in fresh green and preparing for high carnival in April. Mocking-birds were singing in the tall pine trees that stood in the convent yard and on the open commons, and the pin-oaks, bar-oaks and black-jacks which shaded the streets and yards had shed the russet leaves they wore all winter and budded afresh.

Big Rock, two or three miles up the river, and the wooded hills around it were a cloud of tender green, and the distant Ozark mountains, whither Evangeline wandered in search of her lover, were violet against a sky of amethyst. The river's chocolate-colored flood rolled swift and wide and deep between its utmost banks. Eddies of foam rode upon its surface, and driftwood, decayed logs, and sometimes a green cottonwood tree, went down the current. The Arkansas Belle and the Cora S. were moored high up on the city front, and their pilots, surrounded by numerous satellites, stood on the street near them exchanging reminiscences of previous high waters, and expectorating profusely.

A faint fragrance, distinct from the perfume of flowers or the resinous odor of the pines, diffused itself upon the air; it was a fresh, earthy, spring-like smell, as if the sun, mounting higher in the heavens, was drawing forth some latent virtue from the earth together with the ascending sap.

We perceived this faint fragrance and noticed these hints and presages of spring as we rode down Rock street, on our way out of the city, for a long horseback ride in the country. By the Albert Pike mansion—its white columns gleaming through the magnolia trees, and its neglected grounds and box-bordered walks beautiful even in disorder—and past the arsenal grounds we went, and struck into a road leading off to the southeast—a "dirt" road that had never been leveled or graded, but which was kept smooth by constant travel. The darkey huts and shanties, each with a horse-shoe nailed religiously over the door, which bordered the other suburbs, had never obtained a foothold here, and we passed directly from city to country. The highway was not fenced, but stretched across an open common, bare of trees, but dotted here and there with clumps of young oak sprouts. The only moving object on this waste was a team coming into town with a load of wood. The team consisted of a horse and a cow harnessed by a motley arrangement of rope, strap and braided corn-husk to a small wagon, between the standards of which were ranged a few lengths of green oak wood.

It was presided over by a woman of the class known in the South as poor whites. She wore a sunbonnet which concealed her face, but the snuff stick she chewed was visible; a pair of cowhide shoes, without stockings, and a dress which revealed the outlines of a lank form. One glance she flashed at us from under her bonnet as she walked near her team, leading them by a rope made fast to a ring in the cow's nose, but whether it was of defiance or indifference we could not tell. She was probably going to dispose of her wood by barter at some little corner grocery.

The road dipped into a hollow, wound past a deserted house and some old rifle pits, then climbed a ridge beyond; and there on a little plateau to our right was the national cemetery, with its high flag waving over the ranks of soldiers who reposed in the majesty and mystery of death. Before us was a wide deep valley, through which the black and sluggish bayou La Fourche wound its sinuous way, and the outskirts of a vast forest which filled all the eastern and southern horizon. Crossing the bayou on a bridge we looked to right and left among the cypress knees, half expecting to see some huge reptile emerge from the slimy depths, then entered the seemingly interminable woods. The oak trees were exchanging their russet for green, and amid their scanty foliage the masses of mistletoe looked—a little way off—like large birds, wild turkeys or buzzards, at roost in the branches. Pines mingled with the oaks, and once we came to a spot in the heart of the forest where nothing grew but pines. We would have been aware of

their presence had we been riding with our eyes shut; their thick carpet of fallen needles muffled the sounds of our horses' hoofs, their resinous fragrance filled the air and far above our heads their thick boughs sang "the slow song of the sea."

A mocking bird whistled and called, now near at hand, now far off in some tall tree, a long black snake ran across the road, and a labyrinth of dim paths leading through the underbrush hinted of the wild game that inhabited this forest—possums, coons, deer and bear. So near did the primeval wilderness lay to the city that a bear had been shot the week before, within twelve miles of the capital.

After awhile we came to signs of civilization, a "dead-end" wherein the girdled trees lifted their lifeless boughs to the sky in mute protest, then fenced fields surrounded on three sides by woods and thickly dotted with stumps, then a farm house. It stood near the road, but the deep piazza cast a shade upon the open door and windows, and our sun-dazzled eyes gathered no hint of the home life within. Two or three hounds lying under the piazza crawled out and barked at us, and we heard a gruff voice ordering them "Down!" but saw no one. A corn crib of fence rails was in the corner of the farm-yard, near the road, but no fat porkers lolled near it. The Southern hog runs in the woods and eats nuts and mast, and develops bristles and slab sides and wildness; it can run like a deer and is altogether a different animal from the gross and corpulent corn-fed hog of the North. The corn stowed in the crib was for the mules which comprised the working force of the farm.

Beyond the fields we came to thick unbroken woods again, devoid of any signs of human habitation, but full of wild, natural life, such as requires a poet-naturalist like Thoreau for an interpreter. We rode a half hour longer under the arching branches, and were just thinking of turning back when we caught sight of a little clearing ahead and a cabin. In front of the cabin was an old-fashioned well-sweep, and being warm and thirsty we resolved to stop and ask for a drink of water and rest a few minutes before beginning our homeward journey. Three or four dogs greeted us with vociferous barking as we drew rein, but a shock-headed man with a pipe in his mouth came out of the cabin door and distributing kicks among them right and left stilled their noise, so that we were able to make known our request. "Yaas," he said with a lazy drawl, looking toward the well without moving; "plenty o' water down thar, but the well's powerful deep 'n' it's hard to draw." We were about to say that we would draw it ourselves when a woman bustled out of the cabin with a huge gourd dipper in her hand, and sinking the bucket in the well drew it up and offered us a dripping gourd full. We thanked her, and drank a cool, refreshing draught, unmindful of the drops that leaked upon us through a crack in the side of the gourd. As she received the dipper back she said, "Light, strangers, 'n' come in," and sliding from my horse I followed her into the cabin, while my companion watered the horses, examined the saddle girths and lengthened the stirrups. I followed her the more readily because there was something vaguely familiar in her face, and I was trying to recall where I had seen her before. She was a woman between twenty-five and thirty, and might have been handsome had her physique been well nourished, but the poverty and shabbiness of her surroundings were reflected in her person. The cabin consisted of one room with bare floor and mud-daubed walls. At one end was the fireplace, with a chimney of clay and sticks, and a few pots and pans stood in disorder near the hearth of uneven stones. In the other end there were two beds set foot to foot, and over them, on pegs driven into the chinks of the wall, hung a few articles of clothing. A wooden bench and table, two or three splint-bottomed chairs and a dresser containing a few dishes completed the furniture of the room. Cleanliness and cheerfulness would have redeemed the poverty of the place, but instead of these were grime and smoke and unmistakable signs of the laziness and shiftlessness which characterize the poor whites of the South.

Seated in the back door of the cabin, looking out into the woods, was an old woman wearing a sun-bonnet and smoking a pipe, a companion figure to the woman we had met going into Little Rock. She was lean and ragged and dirty, and seemed indifferent to her surroundings or to our presence. I wondered a moment what she could have been like in her youth or prime—she was so wrinkled and hollow-eyed and fierce-looking now—and then the inconsequent thought flashed across my mind that this might be Cousin Sally Dillard herself, and that perhaps she could evolve out of the caverns of her memory the true and full account of the fight at Captain Rice's. Standing in front of the fireplace gazing stolidly at me was a little boy of six or seven, whose flaxen hair, face, hands and clothes were one mass of long-accumulated dirt, and in a wooden box swung by a rope to a beam overhead sat two babies, evidently twins. The daily, almost hourly care needed to make and keep babies clean, sweet and attractive was evidently withheld from them, but they were both quiet and sucked their grimy little fists in pathetic unconsciousness of any neglect. The mother gave the box a push when she had handed me one of the splint-bottomed chairs, and stood near them swinging them to and fro while we talked. I said that her face was somewhat familiar, and she laughed and began to talk fast. "Yes, I reckon you've seen me in the city. I used to go there sellin' bear's oil, but I hain't been of late; my babies keep me busy; they're seven months old, and I hain't had no time to go since they was born. Then Jake hain't shot a bear lately; he's been out huntin', but 'pears like he don't have no luck; the dogs tree 'possums 'n' coons a plenty, but don't start ary bear. The ladies all used to buy my hair oil. I rendered it out and perfumed it up myself 'n' they all 'lowed it was mighty nice. 'Taint often they can get real bear's oil. I went to the big houses; I didn't fool no time

on niggers 'n' low-down trash, 'n' I always sold all I took to town. Wish I had a lot more to sell; we're clean out o' side meat 'n' most out o' meal. Mam tuk a load o' wood to town last week 'n' got the wuth of it in tobacco; her 'n' Jake can't live 'thout their tobacco. I reckon you don't want to buy a 'possum?" she ended suddenly, and placing both hands on her hips, looked at me in mingled doubt and hope. I told her that we never ate 'possum meat, and did not want one for a pet. Her countenance fell a little, but she began swinging the babies again and talking. "Well, I mout 'a knowed it; but, se'ens Jake had one penned up out'n the woods to keep the dogs off'n it, I thought I'd ask. Mam'll take it to town next time she goes with a load of wood. A heap of folks there buys 'possums; the niggers want 'possum meat 'n' deer meat 'n' hog meat 'n' every other kind o' meat for their church suppers. Them town niggers thinks theyun's as good as white folks. I know 'em; I lived in town once, 'n' curled 'n' shampooed ladies' hair, 'n' some o' them tallow-white niggers used to come to me to get their hair dressed for a party. That was before I was married. I hain't been married to Jake but two years. That boy's mine but not his'n," nodding toward the boy who stood in front of the fireplace. "Jake's had bad luck since I married him. He had a white swellin' on his arm right in crap time last year, 'n' 'twas the year before that Daddy Wilkins was shot by the moonshiners for tellin' the officers on 'em." Here the old woman sitting in the door gave a loud snort of disapproval, whether because her husband betrayed the moonshiners, because they shot him or because her daughter-in-law told us of it, we could not tell.

But the family life of the Wilkinses was already laid bare to us, and we cared to hear no more. Putting a small coin into the dirty hand of the stolid and astonished boy and promising the mother to buy two or three bottles of hair oil the next time she brought some to town we remounted our horses. The luckless Jake Wilkins sat smoking his pipe at the end of the cabin, his dogs asleep on the ground near him; and that was the last we saw of the family as we entered the budding oak woods on our homeward ride.

THE advocates of vivisection smiled well pleased over a paragraph which has lately been going the rounds of the English press. Miss Frances Power Cobbe is not only one of the most ardent, but also one of the most distinguished opponents of the practice, and naturally has at times gone to extremes in her denunciation. The paragraph in question announced that she had been "labored with" by a scientific man, whom she had visited to urge her plea against vivisection, and who is evidently nearly akin to Mr. Barlow, having stated his case with the calm priggishness which is the chief characteristic of that friend of our youth. "Madam," answered the gentleman, "charity begins at home; when you have given up wearing ostrich feathers, which are plucked from the living bird, causing the most exquisite pain, and birds of paradise, which, in order to enhance their beauty and lustre, are skinned alive; when you have abjured the use of ivory, because you know that the tusks are cut out of the dying elephant's jaw—then, and then only, come and upbraid me with the cruelty of my operations. The difference between us is, madam, that I inflict pain in the pursuit of knowledge and for the ultimate benefit of my fellow-creatures; you cause cruelty to be inflicted merely for your personal adornment." Naturally Miss Cobbe's case was considered settled; but that lady was equal to the occasion, and responded as follows: "The little anecdote," she says, "is a delightful sample of the free play of the 'scientific' imagination' around the subject of vivisection. I never paid the visit described to a 'distinguished man of science,' and I never received the 'reproof,' probably for the sufficient reason that my umbrella has not an ivory handle; that I have never used a bird of paradise, or any other bird, for my 'personal adornment'; and, finally, because I never possessed a muf in my whole life."

THE laws of the last year or so in regard to tramps, while effectual as a whole, have failed to provide for an unexpected phase of the difficulty. In the town of Middletown, N. Y., a rooster has chosen this profession, and though born to a broad barn and a hen-yard of magnificent proportions, has developed not only the characteristics of a tramp but an equal greed of acquisition. Having come as a tramp to a place where but a single hen was owned, he went out next day and returned with half a dozen hens, which laid their eggs in his coop and then went back to their proper posts. This state of things having lasted a week the owners of the deluded hens bought a game cock, which thrashed the tramp immediately upon his appearance and laid him up for some days. Recovering, he turned his attention to another coop, and pursued the same course until justice overtook him, and the appearance of a policeman prepared for his arrest forced his owner to kill him as a measure of economy.

AMERICA is not the only country that treats its rulers to sewer gas, and the shameful condition of the White House finds a parallel in the mansion at Bagshot Park, the home of the Duke of Connaught. In this house, the building of which cost nearly \$200,000, the greatest pains were taken in the arrangement and ventilation of the drains. Yet the London *Lancet* states that the entire system of baths, drains and waste pipes communicated directly with the soil drains, and that the sewers were ventilated freely into the rooms it was most necessary to preserve from such infection. Malaria followed, and the Duchess herself, just after the birth of her child, showed symptoms of blood poisoning so threatening that she was removed at once. Has sanitary engineering any principles, and if it has will any sanitary engineer succeed in applying them?



MY FRIEND, "UNCLE HAMP."

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

IN this advanced and enlightened epoch, in the annals of that portion of Africa's dark-hued race which has been transplanted to American shores, where the Samboes, Dinahs, Bills and Sallies have been metamorphosed into Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson, and Mr. William and Miss Sarah Johnson, the discovery of a genuine old-fashioned darkey may be considered a matter of just congratulation to the student who wishes to study this particular phase of human nature.

I do not think that, after mature consideration, I could recall a better specimen of the unadulterated article than my friend, "Uncle Hamp." Our acquaintance, which to me has been an unfailing source of profound entertainment, began in this manner: I had just purchased a "cord of good seasoned ash and hickory." These were the words, the very words, in which the former owner had described it to me, and which, moreover, had induced me to close the purchase as I stood on the curbstone and very learnedly inspected it, inwardly wondering all the while which was the ash and which the hickory, but not daring to bring down on my defenceless head the derision of the wood-hauler by any questions that would betray my utter ignorance on the subject; besides I had a childlike faith in that wood-hauler which was touching to the last degree. I knew that it was not always safe to rely on a tailor's word that your suit positively would be in readiness at half past eight, and you had an important engagement for nine, and that it was sometimes the case that your shoemaker serenely sent in your new boots at twelve, after you had zealously labored to impress on his totally depraved mind that you were compelled to have them at ten, and he had sworn by the sacred memory of St. Crispin to be punctual to the second. I had even heard that persons in higher walks of life had sometimes failed in veracity and honor, but the confidence was unbounded and sincere which I reposed in that wood-hauler perched on the top of his ware and clad in the homespun jeans woven in the loom under his own roof mayhap. Beneath this coarse exterior, I thought, lie that rugged simplicity and that strict integrity which have handed down the names of some of these old pioneers to undying posterity, and which so many bewail as strikingly deficient qualities in the rising generation.

I paid him for the cord of wood, even a liberal price, because it was of ash and hickory. My next wish was to discover some one who could cut it into suitable lengths for utility, and a young African won my deepest regards at this juncture by a voluntary offer to send some competent person to my assistance, and very soon after I heard his shrill voice rise above the ordinary din of daily traffic in a call of "Uncle Hamp—Uncle H-a-m-p-p!" then presently the response in deeper and cheerier tones, "Yes, my beloved, I'm a-coming!" and very soon after the owner of them hove in sight. He wore a cloth wrapped à la Turkish turban around his kinky gray wool, the huge, shapeless and dilapidated shoes which are so characteristic of the old time darkey, and garments so artistically patched that it would have taken no small amount of examination to have decided what were the original color and character of the goods that had at first composed the suit, or which piece held the priority and which had been afterward added as necessity required. In his face shrewdness and simplicity held an equal sway. The

saw-horse and saw which he carried proclaimed his vocation.

"Well, my dear baby," he cried as he came up with a winning smile on his countenance that instantly warmed my heart toward him, "I 'spects I'm coming 'round right in de nick o' time, as de alligator said when de man fell overboard. I observe frum dese surroundin's dat my presence is absoletely desired," continued Uncle Hamp, putting down his burden and regarding my late purchase with the eye of a connoisseur.

I assured him that his conjectures were correct and requested his opinion of my selection, which he immediately gave, and which was, "dat de load wuz a werry comfortable one ob its kind, but couldn't okupy de fust position in society."

"But," said I, somewhat bewildered by the incongruous reply, "I thought that ash and hickory were considered the best of fuel."

"Yes, my preshus child, so dey iz, and dat's jist why I make dese few insinuations," responded Uncle Hamp with a deprecatory shake of his head, "kase dere ain't none of eder in de complete collection."

"What?" I cried incredulously.

"De whole trufe, an' nuthin' but de trufe," replied Uncle Hamp impressively. "Yer Uncle Hamp won't lie 'bout such triflin' insignificances. Mos' ebery stick's red oak an' green at dat."

"But the wood-hauler said it was dry though, and ash and hickory," cried I, loath to believe the horrible depravity of that homespun-clad man in whose honor and simplicity I had so firmly believed, as he long and earnestly discussed to me the several virtues of this identical wood.

"Oh, my dear baby!" said Uncle Hamp as he regarded me with undisguised commiseration, "dem same clodwhoppers is so deceivin', so awfully deceivin'. Dere's not a bit ob calculation to be put in 'em in de least."

"Well," said I faintly, a perceptible distrust for rural persons in homespun gradually stealing into my breast. "Do you suppose there is a full cord of wood there, then?"

"Now, my darlin', I dunno but what dere is," he replied reflectively. "Dere may be jist a few pieces dat ain't here what oder be; leastways and howsomever I couldn't come at it noways 'cept as a cord, takin' into viewance all dem knots an' crookednesses."

After a short parley, in which I discovered that Uncle Hamp was no amateur at bargaining, it was agreed that he should be paid the sum of seventy-five cents, which he called a "few fragments," and for which specific amount he promised in his peculiar vernacular to "grind de timber into suitable fractions."

"You see, my preshus baby," he said, as he began "to pinch off a small bit," or in more intelligible words to saw one of the sticks asunder, "dis yere wooden animule is de kritter what carries yer Uncle Hamp fro dis vail ob tribulation. When I don't have no sawin' to do I begins to feel oneasy like as grub-time comes an' I hain't got no vickels to put under my waistband; but when I've

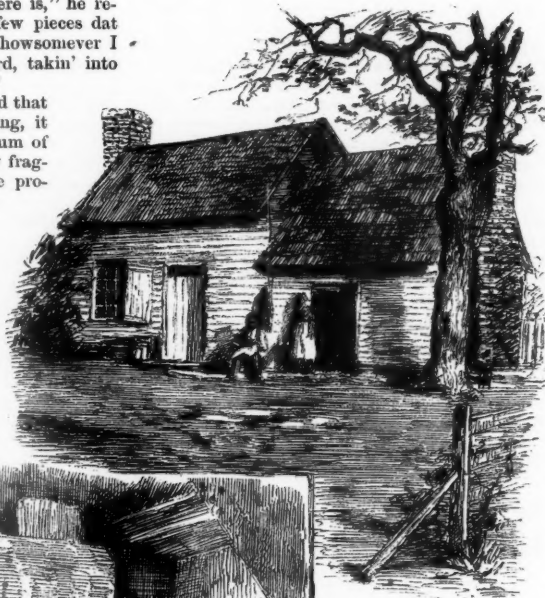
got plenty ob sawin' afore me I knows dere'll soon be a few fragments comin' along dat'll git me enuf vickels to las' me a spell, an' I don't feel no restlessness wuth relatin' ob. I jist sez, keep quiet, honey, an' don't make no disturbance to yer Uncle Hamp an' de fragments an' vickels will soon be 'round."

Uncle Hamp completely ignored those valuable works known as lexicons. His fertile brain, however, never allowed his volubility to suffer for want of words to express his ideas, for with an utter disregard for classical English that was certainly amusing, and possessing an inventive genius that was at once astonishing and bewildering, he readily coined or introduced some queer term hitherto unknown in the connection in which he used it, but which he adopted with a seriousness and composure that affirmed his perfect confidence in its appropriateness. Corn-bread was "common constance," while wheat-bread was "extra dido." If the weather was inclement it was either "sassy" or "impident." When he corrected "de young sprouts," his hopeful and ebony-hued heirs, he gave them "a leetle possum soup," which was served up rather warm by means of a lithe, slender switch, some four feet in length. It is scarcely necessary to state that this was a dish not greatly desired or regarded as much of a delicacy by these respective young sprouts, who would gladly have banished it altogether from their table d'hôte.

Uncle Hamp was frequently sent on errands, and it was especially interesting to hear him call at the news depot for the various publications that were desired. Sometimes a lady wished a "Dody," or "Hupper's 'Zar," or "Lap-side Liburry," or some gentleman a "Curious Jingle," "Scrivenger's Monthly," or "Appleman's Journal." Whisky was "tanglefoot," and at a subsequent interview Uncle Hamp gave me an account of how near he came to being wrecked on this dangerous reef.

"Yer can jist bet, my baby, dat yer Uncle Hamp had a mighty tight tussle wid de ole kritter. In dose absent days I used to get awfully dilapidated, yer Uncle Hamp did. Ebery time I wrestled wid de ole critter she tripped me over. I jist couldn't keep de forked end down, but now dat I've fit an' conkered I kin walk de chalk-mark widout flickerin'. You don't ketch me locating 'round arter it any more."

For many years had Uncle Hamp kept true to his pledge, made by the bedside of his little daughter, who in her last moments accomplished a mission that had in it perhaps the salvation of a soul.



"I promised her," said Uncle Hamp, with a tremulousness in his voice and a dimness gathering in his eyes, "jist a leetle while afore she went ober de creek inter de Lord's vinyard dat I wouldn't have nuthin' more to do wid de ole tanglefoot, an' I never has, honey, an' I never 'spects to."

At first I wondered at the old and ragged garments that he wore, knowing that he made a good deal by sawing wood as well as by numerous little chores that he was called on to perform, but I soon learned that his savings were carefully hoarded up and went in payment for a small cabin, which it was his intense desire to own, and which he at length purchased out of his hard-earned "fragments." I am sure that no magnate in all the land was prouder of his costly mansion than was Uncle Hamp of this lowly cot, which constituted in his eyes that dearest of all earthly spots—a home.

A short period after the last payment on this property was made he hailed me as I was passing near his dwelling, and at a

warm invitation to take "a viewance ob de promiscuous landscape," I readily assented, and was shown over the premises even to the indispensable pigsty, occupying a prominent corner of the domain, while the visible pride with which he exhibited his house and grounds afforded me a useful lesson of how little it sometimes requires to carry supreme happiness to one's bosom.

Having missed Uncle Hamp's genial smile and cheery voice about the streets for some time, I learned on inquiry that he was seriously ill, and a few days later on picking up the town paper read with sincere regret the announcement of my old friend's death.

A week or two after this, having occasion to pass near his humble home, the thought occurred to me to step in and offer a few words of sympathy and condolence to his poor decrepit wife, and acting on the impulse I soon stood beneath the lowly roof. Imagine my astonishment when the familiar voice of Uncle Hamp himself greeted me on my entrance. He was propped up in bed and looked rather the worse for a long illness, but was undeniably alive.

"Well now, my preshus chile, dat's clever. Is you come up to see how yer Uncle Hamp has tussled wid de raw bones and bloody skull?"

"And it was a mistake about your being dead, after all," I said at length, after I had congratulated him on the fallacy of the report.

"It wuz, fur a fac', my darlin'. It wuz, fur a fac'," said he, with a broad grin. "Yer Uncle Hamp knowed it wasn't so jist as soon as he heard ob it. Dey thought once dat de raw bones had me down fur shore, but I jist did git de underholts in time an' trip him up. When I riz to de top agin, de doctor fotch me up a paper what told about de bloody bones gittin' de best ob yer Uncle Hamp, an' 'ie laf an' sez dat I wuz about de fust patient ob his'n what eber saw his own bitography all set up in de papers. Yer Uncle Hamp 'preciated dere polite remarks, only dey wuz jist a leetle previous. Dat's all de dejections he had to 'em, my baby—yah! yah!"

It was not many weeks, however, until the dark-winged messenger did visit the humble abode and took from my friend the faithful wife of his youth, long passed. I did not know of his bereavement until I met him one day and inquired the cause of his unusual quiet and serious countenance.

"I wuz powerfully decomposed, my darlin', yer uncle wuz," he added when he had advised me of his recent loss. "Yer see me an' Hanner had trotted along in double team fur more an' fifty-one year, an' she neber once kicked out ob de harness in all dat time, an' now I feels sorter lost an' subsequented, pokin' along in dis one-horse fashion."

It was some time before Uncle Hamp's cheery tones and laugh were heard on the streets again; but gradually the genial smile crept back over his brown countenance and the mellowness returned to his hearty laugh, while a perceptible change began to make itself manifest in his raiment and general appearance, so that I was a little prepared for the sight of him one day arrayed in a complete new suit, his face beaming with pleasure, and each arm engaged by a very youthful and stylishly-attired colored damsel, while he conscientiously divided his gallant attentions between them. After the lapse of half a century he had once more assumed the role of attentive beau to the gentler sex. Frequently after this I saw him in his new character, and almost invariably with a damsel on each side.

"Yer see, my dear baby," he said, when I once referred to his impartial style of courtship, "I pays 'em attention all 'round, so dere won't be no confusion an' amphibious feelin's at me slightin' eny ob 'em. Yer Uncle Hamp don't want to consternate his effections, dat he don't."

Despite this resolve, however, his "effections" were finally "consternated." One morning I met him wearing a more radiant expression than I had ever before seen on his features, while in a mysterious undertone he informed me that if I "would happen down at de cullud church in de evening" I might have "de agreeableness" to see him and his "dear damsel jined in de holy bands of weddenlock."

"And you are really going to be married?" I said, after I had tendered my thanks for his invitation. "Is the bride that is to be a very youthful one?" I asked.

"Now, jist lissen at 'im," responded Uncle Hamp with a broad grin. "He don't know whedder I've done out my wisdom jaw teef or not. My preshus one, yer

Uncle Hamp at dis time ob de evenin' ain't gwine ter try an' drive a skittish colt along dis narrer road ob life, yer better bet he ain't."

In confirmation of this piece of philosophy I discovered his "dear damsel" to be a matronly, sedate dame of some sixty summers, and also bearing the Christian name of his first wife.

"I jist kep' a-pulverizin' 'round till I cum across anodder Aunt Hanner, case I 'preciated de name, honey," said Uncle Hamp in generous explanation.

Although not present at my old friend's nuptials, I learned that the affair was a brilliant one in the calendar of colored social events. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity with numerous friends of the contracting parties, while both groom and bride were arrayed in the choicest their wardrobes afforded, and with happiness very prominently stamped on each face.

After the ceremony Uncle Hamp and his "dear damsel" rolled homeward in the most elegant barouche the town afforded, and which was gratuitously furnished by the groom's former owner. A nice supper was awaiting the newly-married couple, which repast was also given by the many friends of the groom, and as his abode was rather diminutive for extensive entertainment, a kind neighbor permitted the banquet table to be spread in her spacious kitchen, where the festivities continued until a late hour.

"I'll tell you what, my darlin', it wuz a superfluous concasion, it wuz fur a fac'," said Uncle Hamp in recalling the pleasant event. They jist bestowed a large multitude of things to me. There wuz more an' 'leven pound-cakes a disportin' of themselves on de table, besides a dubious sprinklin' of odder ingredient mixtries."

When I took a photographic view of the premises, to be used in the present article, I made the promise to present them with a specimen of the place "after it was drawn through the telescope."

The worthy couple live very cosily and contentedly in their humble home, while everything about the premises gives flattering evidence of Aunt Hanner's industry and neatness, while Uncle Hamp daily strengthens in the belief that he was wise in "pulverizin' 'round till he cum across anodder Aunt Hanner, 'kase he 'preciated de name."

THE HOMES OF UTAH.

LAST summer, having business in one of the larger towns of Utah, I left Salt Lake City upon a bright morning, and although our train moved slowly I arrived at my destination in time for a late breakfast. I found a city, as they term it, of about two thousand five hundred inhabitants. In that high altitude the air was cool, bracing and exceedingly transparent. The village was well laid out, as all Mormon towns are. It had broad streets running at right angles to each other, wide-spreading shade trees and small streams of clear water from the mountains gurgling along the side of each roadway. Orchards, groves, meadows and fields of grain, the result of a successful system of irrigation, dotted the landscape. This so-called city is built upon a slope which reaches in one direction to the foot of the lofty Wahsatch range, and is so situated that in that rare atmosphere it can be seen in all its picturesque beauty for a great distance. Looking from it in one direction we can perceive the waves glisten upon the broad bosom of Great Salt Lake, beyond which, rising in their icy splendor, are distinctly visible numerous lofty peaks glittering in the rays of the summer sun. In another direction is spread a valley several miles in width, formerly regarded as a desert, now in the language of the Mormons literally "blossoming as the rose." The sparkling surface of a river which rises in the mountains can occasionally be seen as it winds along through the rich and broad valley. Birds of various species, the joy of sportsmen, abound in this vicinity, but one kind not sought by them is the most conspicuous. Hundreds and thousands of genuine sea gulls can be counted in the valley every morning. Instead of committing depredations, as one might think they would, they have become great favorites with the farmers and ranchmen by destroying numerous insects and reptiles. A short distance from the town is an immense dairy farm or creamery, the property of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institute for that county.

While Salt Lake City, the capital of the Territory of Utah, is the "chief city of Zion" and the headquarters of the Mormon Church, it is not so peculiarly and essentially Mormon as are several other towns in that region. Nearly all of its bankers,

lawyers and hotel-keepers, several of its editors and many of its business men are Gentiles. But in the town to which I have first referred, one not a member of the church is an anomaly. Before the day was over my attention was called to a curiosity. It proved to be the only Gentile or non-Mormon who resided in the place, and his wife was a zealous member of the Mormon Church. I also saw there the only man of Hebrew birth who (as it is said) has ever become a communicant of that church.

Arriving at the depot, a mile from the town, I was offered a free ride in a lumber wagon by the proprietor of a mule team. Walking would have been far preferable to riding in that wagon. However I was in search of information. I accepted the offer and in a few minutes had learned where a good breakfast could be obtained, who the prominent men of the city were, where they lived, how many wives they had, and what offices they held in Church and State. I was also informed by my coachman (not of course in reply to any inquiry of mine, however) that not a drop of beer or of anything stronger could be had in that town for love or money. While passing through it I saw many neat cottages, surrounded by gardens and orchards, several commodious brick houses with French roofs and modern improvements, and a few massive stone residences. With nearly all the houses enclosed in ample grounds and the population amounting, as I have said, to twenty-five hundred, the town spreads over an exceedingly large area. Only three public buildings could be distinguished—the court-house containing all the county offices, the large store of the Z. C. M. I. and a manufacturing establishment. Though no idlers were permitted there the town seemed to be asleep. Scarcely a sound was to be heard. Once in two or three hours a wagon could be seen passing down the broad and shady streets. A person could scarcely imagine where all the people were at work. Yet the place bore every mark of comfort and thrift if not of great enterprise—that is to say comfort upon the surface. Happiness is totally unknown in many of these cottages. There was something very peculiar but inexpressible in the quietness that reigned throughout that large town upon that bright summer morning. It was far different from anything that I have ever seen either in European or in other American villages.

I was taken to the house of a Danish bishop. He was a farmer, contractor, cattle dealer and hotel keeper. A hotel sign swung upon a post in front of the house, which had nothing else outside or in to distinguish it from a commodious and well-furnished farmhouse. I was shown into a large and bright parlor, the furniture of which was partly home-made, but durable and comfortable. The walls were adorned with portraits of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, the twelve (Mormon) apostles and other "leaders in Zion," while the tables were covered with Mormon books and periodicals. The first wife of the bishop took charge of the hotel department. I suppose that they had a guest there once in a fortnight, not oftener. The bishop had two other wives in the house. They lived upstairs. They all had young children, and during breakfast numerous childish voices at an elevated key were heard throughout the house.

The landlady, aged about forty, had at one time been, I imagined, a woman of unusual beauty. A native of Denmark, she spoke English well, but with a slight soft accent. Having dark hair and eyes, but with the light clear complexion peculiar to England and to Scandinavia, she was still a fine-looking woman and possessed of an ease and grace of manner rarely belonging to one in her situation. She had nevertheless that look of settled sadness, that indefinable appearance of melancholy, which we never fail to see in Mormon women who are gifted with feelings of refinement and sensibility. I was somewhat surprised when she told me with an air of considerable pride that her daughter was the wife of Mr. Z., whom I knew to be the most prominent man of the town, but an old gray-headed sinner at least sixty-five years of age. This daughter I presumed was a blooming young Scandinavian of about twenty. I learned from another Mormon before leaving the place that she was the ninth wife of Mr. Z., and though married to him but for about three years appeared almost as old as the first of his wives.

Mr. Z., as I have said, was the most influential resident of that Mormon city. As a church dignitary he had formerly been president of that "stake" in Zion, and had more recently been promoted to the high

position of one of the twelve apostles. In political life he had attained to the office of judge of probate and had been elected a member of the upper house in the territorial legislature. In business matters he was president of the Z. C. M. I., director of a railroad company and the owner of a great deal of property. Though of gentle demeanor and of grave aspect, terrible stories were told me by Mormons at Salt Lake of his avarice and cruelty in those earlier days of the church when the leaders with Brigham Young at their head exercised almost unlimited power. From what I learned it appeared that Mr. Z. never hesitated about the shedding of blood when it would prove the most direct means of increasing the treasure of his coffers or of adding more beautiful inmates to his scraglio.

Having received an invitation to call upon him I resolved to do so. Most of the polygamists of that town had a separate cottage for each wife. He however lived in what might be termed a castle, with a high and thick wall of stone surrounding it. That wall had served as a good protection during Indian wars, and was proof against everything but well served artillery. I was received with affability and was shown into the apostle's private office. With a full share of curiosity I said but little, as it did not appear advisable to indulge very far in inquiries. Before leaving town I learned a good deal however. He had what we might call a numerous family. At least twelve wives of this modern saint were domiciled in this building. Their ages varied from sixty to sixteen. Each of them had children. Most of them were mothers of a numerous offspring. The children rarely saw their father. Their mother alone was the person in whom they confided.

The blessings of a Christian home were totally unknown to them. Each wife had separate apartments, all opening upon a fine lawn. They took their meals at one table. But few servants were employed about the premises. The old wives had to perform most of the drudgery, while the younger and more beautiful ones had less difficult duties assigned them. Many of the harems in Utah are nearly self-supporting. Wives are not such an expensive luxury there as they are in the East. The matrimonial system in Utah is based upon scientific principles. In the mansion of Mr. Z. everything that I saw evinced tidiness, thrift and bodily comfort. He appeared to have his extensive family under firm control. A slight incident, however, proved that the household was not entirely harmonious. The day was pleasant; the windows and doors were open. Finally we heard an uproar upon the lawn. The children were quarreling. Then shrill voices were heard. The sons of Angelina had been pulling the hair of those of Seraphina. The mothers who appeared upon the scene proposed to pursue the same amusement in reference to each other. The apostle, undisturbed by such an event, signified to them however that a stranger was in the house. The two mothers walked away, but glared at each other as if to indicate that the matter would not rest there by any means.

After leaving the apostle's residence I called upon the mayor of the city. He owned three pretty cottages side by side, with ample grounds around them. He had in each house a young and ladylike wife, with whom he passed a week at a time in rotation. Had I not known of the domestic relations of the mayor I should not have perceived anything peculiar or different from the residence of a Gentile at the particular cottage where I made my call. Toward evening, while returning to Salt Lake City I passed through mountain scenery that was truly sublime.

Later in the season I started out one morning, intent on bird shooting, with a Mormon guide and driver from another town. We stopped at a squalid cabin to ascertain whether a new and half-opened ascertainment was passable. I saw three women on the premises. One was chopping wood, another was digging potatoes, the third was vigorously applying a switch to the back of a tow-headed youngster. Eight or nine more of the same species were standing by evidently enjoying in a high degree the contortions of their suffering comrade.

"Who lives there?" I inquired.

"Lars Larsen," was the reply.

"Is he a Mormon?"

"Yes."

"How many wives has he?"

"Those three that you saw."

"Do all of them live there?"

"Yes."

The cabin had but one small room.

EDWARD A. THOMAS.

HER ANSWER.

Through a garden decked with myrtle
Wandered I one summer day,
Heard above the robin singing
To his mate a tender lay—
Heard the reaper's merry whistle
As he gleaned the golden wheat,
Watching oft a dark-eyed maiden
Binding sheaves about his feet.

"Man and bird alike are happy,"
Said I, "darling, this is love,"
To sweet Nellie walking near me—
This, which life nor death can move.
"Can you doubt it?" then I asked her,
As she gazed in silence still
At the busy Ruth before us,
And the reaper on the hill.

"Doubt it?" and her blue eyes soften'd,
As she raised them to my face,
With a timid, witching shyness,
And her native maiden grace.
"Doubt it?" and I bent to listen,
As she whispered under breath,
With her head against my bosom—
"Love is stronger, dear, than death."

MRS. A. F. DAVIS.

NOON HILL PLACE.

BY MARIA LOUISE POOL.

(CONTINUED.)

ALL the time, as she spoke with Mrs. Lunsford, Portia was listening for the sound of wheels. When she heard the approaching carriage she slipped out on to the front piazza, and she was there alone when Bruce walked up the path. His glance quickly told him they were alone. In his mind was the thought that this was her birthplace, her home, to which he had come.

He bent down over her as she stood near him.

"Portia, dearest," he murmured, not taking her hand for fear some one would come through the open door.

There seemed almost shyness in her eyes as she said, as softly as he had spoken:

"You are welcome to my home, Doctor Bruce."

He did not speak, but his glance held her fast. His lips were slightly compressed, as if to keep back the words he must not let come now. Was she not graceful? Was she not unutterably sweet to him as she stood there before him? It was very hard not to be able to take her in his arms. But perhaps he would hardly have done that had they been entirely alone.

Footsteps approached through the rooms. Mrs. Lunsford's rather strident voice was heard saying:

"So there was a gentleman who came on with you? Shall be glad to see him; the more the merrier."

Then there was more greeting, and, as usual, Bruce made a good impression. Mrs. Lunsford imparted to Nondas that day her conviction that Dr. Bruce was by long odds the most "likable man" that had ever come there to see Porphy.

That evening, as Bruce and his hostess walked out on the verandah, she said to him, with a smile that had something wistful in it:

"I see Mrs. Lunsford approves of you highly. I think I have discovered that even Nondas looks favorably upon you. There is a kind of warmth in your nature to which people are attracted, I believe—just as on a chill day one involuntarily turns to the sun or to the fire. What is it?"

She was leaning on his arm, and the two paused as he looked at her in surprise.

"I do not know what it is," he said, with a puzzled air. "I did not know I was anything like what you say."

"Perhaps Doctor Colquitt meant the same thing when he said you had the 'true healing presence.'"

"Are you mocking at me?" drawing her ungloved hand closer through his arm.

"Indeed, no. I could not mock at you," with a slight emphasis on the last pronoun. She stood still, and that peculiar look was on her face which came there when she was trying to put into the precisely appropriate words some thought which, with particular force, was in her mind.

"I am very far from that," she said emphatically. "I wish to keep aloof; I don't care one bit for people unless I care for them a good deal. I don't have any warmth of feeling unless"—she paused so long that Bruce repeated the word "unless?" and she looked up at him saying, "I will not finish that sentence. I think, however, I am capable of loving."

The instantaneous glow which came to her face as she said that was dearest emphasis of her words. That glow was not a

color, but a light, a light so attractive, so seductive, that Bruce suddenly drew her close to him while he whispered with passionate intensity:

"Nothing shall ever come between us! Nothing shall take you from me! Fate itself must be powerless here, even should it wish to part us."

They were lover's words of extravagance, but the meaning in them was as powerful then as it always will be so long as men and women live.

Bruce took the fair face gently between his two hands and looked long and earnestly into the eyes that had grown so dear.

"Your eyes have not really changed, have they?" he asked.

"I do not know. What do you mean?"

"I mean that at first I was afraid I could not believe in them, and now—I think I could almost swear by them."

"There must have been a glamour before your sight then, either first or last," she said, trying to speak lightly, "and it must be important to you to know which time it was that you saw clearly."

Portia saw that some cloud had come over her companion's face, and she tried to withdraw herself from his arm, which only held her the closer.

Bruce was in fact thinking of Colquitt's words and looks whenever the name of Portia Nunally had been mentioned. He was now aware that they had had an immense influence with him in his cool judgment of the woman he now held so closely to him. He had always believed his friend to have remarkably shrewd insight into men and things, and oftentimes had accepted his decision without much thought himself; that is, concerning subjects in which he was not particularly interested; and he recalled also his own first impression regarding Portia's insincerity, and what he would perhaps have termed "worldliness" for lack of a better word.

"Do you think I will remain thus near you while you are passing adverse judgment upon me?" asked the girl coldly. She did not move again to try to get away from him, for she knew she could not struggle against his strength, but her face was very haughty and her eyes dilated with anger.

"Yes," he said with decision, "you shall remain. I will never let you go far from me. How very foolish it must be in me to fancy that your eyes look more true, more constant. Is that one of your wiles, my Circe?"

He did not wait for her to reply, but went on: "I don't think I should bear very well the finding out that you are fickle, that it is novelty that amuses you, not fidelity that holds you."

As he spoke thus there came a fire such as Portia had not before seen in his eyes, a fire which made their depths look red and dangerous. Was it strange that the expression did not displease the girl? The annoyed look left her face.

Bruce looking down at her said suddenly: "To-night you will kiss me for my good-night benison. If you give me your love you will give me your lips also, will you not?"

There was not so much question as assertion in his words, but they were spoken in a voice that the woman who loved him would surely not resist.

It was his first kiss from her. Did he dream of it, or did its sweetness keep him ever from dreams?

CHAPTER VI.

THE days at Noon Hill Place were not usually eventful; certainly not during the first week or two after Portia's return, for then she wished for no company, cared for nothing but to be at liberty to roam over the fields and through the woods alone, or accompanied only by her dog, which she said knew more than most men and was not half so intrusive. She never had to "make talk" with him; he submitted to her moods, and was always demonstratively grateful if he might go with her.

The big Newfoundland evidently considered himself sufficient escort and protection, but he submitted with a good grace to Bruce's presence, even manifesting an immediate and decided affection for him.

"Max," said Portia one day when the dog was quietly holding Bruce's hand in his mouth and looking at the man with affectionate eyes, "I don't know as I shall allow this. I am afraid you love me because I love you, but you evidently love Doctor Bruce because you can't help it."

"Pray believe that the attachment is mutual," said Bruce with a laugh, withdrawing his hand to put his arm over the dog's neck.

Bruce had been at Portia's home for a

week, and he was going away in the noon train from Fromton to join a party which was going somewhere up in Labrador. When he had engaged to go Bruce had intended to be away with them until fall, to live a wild sort of life like what he usually enjoyed through a long summer.

Now, as he stood with Portia on the platform of the station he said:

"I shall not stay. What do I care for hunting and fishing now? I'll keep my word and go, but I shall wish myself back every hour in the twenty-four. May I come when I please?"

"You must really stay away at least two weeks," said the girl.

"And why?" possessing himself of her hand as the train whistle was heard in the distance.

"Perhaps because I wish to see to what depth of dullness I can sink without you."

"I know to what depths I shall fall, and the knowledge does not cheer me. Promise to be glad when I come back."

"Yes, yes, I promise that," she said. One glance between them, the train had come and he was gone.

Portia had driven Bruce over in the phaeton, and as she drove home alone she resolved that she would not spend a moment of the day in the house. It was June now, and we know the possibilities of a June day.

As she went back she felt that intolerable sense of loss which comes to one in the first hour of the departure of one dear. She drove rapidly. When she reached her own yard she went in the house to inform her aunt that she was going to stroll off she knew not where.

"Max will go with me," she said. "No matter if I am not back to dinner. Mrs. Lunsford will give me some lunch. I am not going to desecrate this day by remaining under a roof."

Mrs. Branch was moving about on the piazza. She said she was better; it was the Virginia air that had been killing her.

Presently Portia's figure in flannel walking suit could be seen going leisurely across the rocky pasture, with Max careering about her. The girl walked erectly, with elastic steps, and she seemed to derive great satisfaction in carrying an ivory-headed cane which was stout enough for a support if necessary.

She went directly on as if with a fixed destination in her mind. She paused a few moments at the great ash tree, and looked off from that elevation over the hills and woods, the farms with the cattle in their pastures, and the peaceful-looking villages here and there.

Max came and sat himself down at her feet, looking about him with as grave and discriminating an air as did his mistress. The fragrance of sweet fern where he had crushed it in leaping about was upon the air; one wild rose, sheltered and screened, and thus earlier than its sisters, had blossomed at the south side of a rock.

Portia at last turned, plucked the rose and fastened it at her throat, then went on over the elevation, descended the farther slope through an old growth of pines, and after half an hour more of steady walking through a chestnut woods she came to an open pasture inclining rapidly toward a pond which stretched out broad and beautiful before her.

Three pine trees stood close together on the slope within a few yards of the pond, and on the thick bed of perfumed pine needles Portia sat down with an air that proclaimed that this was the spot she had had in her mind when she had left her home.

Max, after the usual investigation necessary to the dog nature, came and lay down near and instantly went to sleep.

Portia and her companion had not been there thus quietly many moments before the girl, whose eyes were going idly over the pond and its shores, became aware that at the farthest edge of the pond something was moving. It was too far away for her to see distinctly; she could only guess that some one was unmooring a boat. She watched with the intently with which an idle gaze will fix itself, and finally she knew that a figure had entered the boat and was propelling it slowly out toward the middle of the pond. Soon she saw that this unknown being was a woman, and that she was very awkward indeed with her oars.

"There must be very little enjoyment in that," said Portia, speaking aloud.

Max roused at this, sat up on his haunches, looked across at the craft, then up at his mistress, as if to ask if she approved of any such proceeding as that.

"If there was one breath of wind that idiot of a woman would manage to tip her boat over, I know," she said aloud again,

for she often spoke when she was out alone with Max.

The dog looked knowing and acquiescent, and gave one thump on the ground with his tail.

"And if she does get into the water we know well enough she cannot swim, Max, and that you will have to pull her out."

Another thump a little more emphatic and a look as if to say, "I can do that well enough."

Portia leaned forward and put both arms about the dog's neck, hanging on to him as she watched the slow progress on the pond.

She now fancied that she could detect a preoccupied air and absentness in the woman, as if she were not only very ignorant but careless. The boat sheered first this way and then that, as one oar dipped and pulled in different time from the other. Portia could not see anything whatever of the person's face, for she wore on her head an enormous "home-made" sun-bonnet, with a cape so long that it fell over neck and shoulders.

Suddenly Portia uttered an exclamation. One of the oars had slipped out through the rowlocks and was now dancing slowly away on the sparkling water. Max sprang to his feet at that exclamation.

The woman reached out ineffectually after the oar; it was just beyond the tips of her fingers, and the boat swayed over fearfully as she leaned out.

"What a simpleton she is!" cried Portia impatiently. "She deserves to stay out there all night. Of course she can't scull."

Plainly she could not scull, and just as plainly she would not know how to manœuvre so as to recover her oar. The more she tried to move her boat nearer the oar the farther off she was from it.

Thus far she had not looked about her in the least. Now she pulled in her remaining oar and sat very quietly for some time, leaning her head on her hand and gazing down into the water. There was something now in her attitude that made Portia suspect she might not be very strong, as well as that she was ignorant.

Ten minutes might have passed when Portia, who had been undecided what she should do in the present state of affairs, saw the woman take up her oar again, thrust it into the water, and move her position in the boat quickly as she did so, evidently thinking she should reach the lost oar which had drifted somewhat nearer. In an instant the clumsy craft had tipped over, and was bobbing up and down bottom upward in the sunlight.

Portia ran to the edge of the water, and Max had dashed in without being bidden. This catastrophe had come so quickly that the girl, prepared though she might have been for it, was confused for an instant. She looked in terror lest she should not see anything of the boat's occupant. What if she should drown before her eyes! But Max would find her; Max was a true water dog and would surely do his duty, although he had never had this duty to perform before.

At last—how long had it been?—and Portia saw a glistening, wet head—the sun-bonnet was gone.

"Cling to the boat!" called out the girl at the top of her voice. "The dog will save you!"

Whether the woman heard or not could not be told; but instinct would have made her catch hold of the boat. She was gasping for breath, not really knowing anything but that she was not yet drowned, when the black, shining head of a dog appeared close to her, and at that instant she heard a voice from the shore shout:

"Let the dog take hold of your arm! Give up to him! Don't struggle at all!"

She had sense enough to obey; she moved her arm toward Max who seized it firmly, but without piercing the flesh, and immediately began to swim steadily toward the shore where his mistress stood.

The summer before when Portia had been at the sea beach she had often bathed and called her dog in to pull her to land, allowing him to take her arm between his teeth. She had small fear but that he would perform his graver task successfully now.

She stepped down far into the shallow water as Max neared the shore, and took his burden from him. She staggered as she did so, for the stranger was for a moment almost helpless. But she assisted her to the dry grass above the water line, and bent over her as she lay so nearly insensible.

It was little Portia could do now but wait. She looked in utter astonishment at the face and figure before her. Despite the drenched and exhausted state of this unknown woman it was plain to the eyes

looking down at her that she must have a very attractive face and figure. She was, perhaps, thirty years old; or she looked that, lying thus with the light of her eyes shut out from her face, and every line visible in the bright afternoon sunshine. She was dressed with most extreme plainness, in a black dress made with almost as rigid exclusion of ornament as if she had been a nun. But the dress fitted so faultlessly that Portia, who was assuredly a judge of such matters, was more than ever surprised.

"No one in or near Warnham ever cut that dress," she said to herself.

She noted the hands which she was holding within her own and vainly trying to warm. They were not very small, they had not tapering fingers, but they were lovely hands for all that; white, strong, brave looking, with a delicate appearance about the well-shaped, perfectly kept nails.

"I thought I knew every one within a few miles of us," Portia was thinking; "but I cannot even imagine who this can be. There are the Archers over on the other side of the pond; she must have come from that house, but she never can be a relative of those people."

After a little the stranger opened her eyes and immediately attempted to rise, gazing about her in a dazed way, the sunlight striking full upon her face evidently helping to confuse her.

Portia gently pushed her back, placing herself between her and the sun and saying: "Wait; do not hurry; you are hardly strong enough yet to be able to walk."

The woman yielded to the touch, and lay silent a moment looking up at the face above her. Soft gray eyes she had, with thick black lashes; hair which, wet as it was, had some sign of waving in it, and it was heavily streaked with gray. The mouth was full, sensitive, impassioned; it might have looked weak but for the strong cut chin below it. If it was not a beautiful face it had the effect of being so, and Portia found that when a smile broke up the somewhat sad look this countenance was absolutely charming.

"I suppose I should have drowned if you had not been here," she said, speaking in a very different voice from the uncultured sounds which were in use among most of the people about.

"You mean if my dog had not been here," said Portia, conscious distinctly of an immediate and strong attraction toward this woman whom Max had dragged to her feet.

"Yes; it is pleasant and safe to owe your life to a dog."

She sat more nearly upright now and glanced at Max, who had been shaking the water off and was now walking sedately about the group, eyeing it with great satisfaction.

"You seem at home here, and yet I am sure I have never known you," she said. "I have been away so many years that I do not feel that I am acquainted with the people now, only with the country here; I could never forget that."

"You surely are not one of the Archers?" asked Portia, more and more interested.

"No; but I am staying there this summer. They live in what used to be the Maverick place."

"Yes; I know the house; it is called the Maverick farm now. It is fifteen or twenty years since the Archers bought it."

"I think I can walk now," was the response to Portia's last words.

Aided by Portia the stranger rose.

"It is much farther round the pond to the Archers than it is down across the fields to my house; you will surely walk home with me rather than try to go round where it is swampy and such difficult walking," said Portia earnestly.

"And you shall lean on my arm even though you are so much taller than I am"—with her faint smile which seldom failed of winning one to her wishes.

"Where is your home?"

"Noon Hill Place."

The stranger's face changed perceptibly. She looked with even greater intentness at the girl who held both her hands so warmly and who gazed at her with eyes full of entreaty.

"So you are Portia Nunally?"

"Yes. I hope you have heard nothing bad of me."

A gleam of amusement came to the speaker's face as she said:

"I don't always think it bad when the country people call one 'odd and mighty full o' notions.'"

"Come and see how odd I am," said Portia. "You really must not stand in those wet clothes a moment longer," she added quickly. "We will walk rapidly, come."

The other still hesitated.

"Are there many people at your house? I dislike to see strangers."

"If the house were full you should not see any one unless you chose. But there is no one there but my aunt."

The two started up the hill. Portia soon found that she must slacken her impetuous steps, for her companion, impeded by her wet skirts and not as active as Portia, found it hard to keep by her side.

Before they reached the house the stranger said her name was Maverick; that the old farm up yonder was her birthplace, but that she had not been there before since childhood.

As they came down the lane in the rear of the barns Miss Maverick asked that she might be taken into the house without seeing any one; she was so very tired, and she felt that she could not greet even a servant.

A moment later the two hurried in at a side door and were soon in Portia's own room.

Miss Maverick's hostess brought her a dressing-gown and clothes from her aunt's room; she hurried down stairs and prepared some hot spiced wine, and when Miss Maverick had on her dry garments she knocked at the door bearing her little tray. When she chose no one could wait on you with so sweet a grace as could this girl who now entered her guest's room and said gayly:

"This is to be taken instantly without demur; then you are to lie down, then after a time I am coming to call you to dinner. There is no one but my aunt and myself, and you are to dine in that wrapper. I have arranged everything, and I never allow my arrangements to be disturbed."

"But"—began the other hastily.

"I am going, I cannot listen," was the response, and Portia hurried out of the room.

It happened that day that Mrs. Branch did not feel able to come down to dinner, and so the two dined alone. Portia saw immediately that her guest was absent. She was not constrained, however, and there was a simple dignity and unconsciousness in her manner that charmed the lady of the house more and more.

"I am going to ask a great favor of you," she said after dinner as they stood in the large bow window, through which the setting sun was pouring its light. "Instead of taking you home let me send Nondas over with a note and he will bring back whatever you wish. I want you to stay with me for a while. I promise myself great pleasure in being with you."

Portia had taken Miss Maverick's hand in her own; there was an indescribable pleasure to her in the touch of that hand. Could she have looked into the days so soon to come would she have spoken the words which should make this woman her guest?

It was plain from the first that Miss Maverick was also greatly attracted to the girl who spoke to her with such winning softness, whose every glance and gesture betrayed such flattering interest and preference.

"Why should I not live in luxury for a while?" she asked herself. "Why should I not accept this invitation from one who is charming to me? I will live for a few hours once more."

Aloud she said:

"You tempt me too much. I will take the good the gods provide."

Portia flashed a bright look of thanks to her as she left the room to order Nondas to go to the Archers.

To Mrs. Branch when she went to her room to bid her good-night, Portia merely said that a friend had come to pay her a visit, and Mrs. Branch was too absorbed in her own sufferings to ask who it was.

After Nondas had ridden off Portia walked about in the yard with rather an absorbed face. She had taken Miss Maverick's note directed to Mrs. Archer and had handed it to Nondas as he stood by the horse's head ready to get into his wagon and drive away. She had not thought to glance at the envelope she held in her hand, but Nondas was not one to hold a letter without the most careful study of it.

"Ef that ain't the queerest writin' I ever did see!" he exclaimed immediately, examining it as if that examination were his immediate mission instead of the delivery of the missive.

Naturally Portia's eyes fell directly upon the superscription now, as she stood where she could read it distinctly. It was indeed an unusual way of writing, more like print than the work of a pen, though plainly done by a pen, and rapidly also.

She felt an acceleration of her pulses as she recognized those characters. She had once brought to her aunt from the post

office in Richmond a letter bearing this same writing. She was sure that it could not be that any other person could write like that. She felt as if she were on the edge of a mystery, and the feeling annoyed her.

She curtly bade Nondas attend to his business, and she strolled about in the mild June evening, finally deciding that she would not disturb her guest again that night. She was jarred and out of tune. It was in vain that she told herself that it was assuredly no affair of hers if Mrs. Branch chose to correspond in a rather private manner with this woman whom she herself had met for the first time that afternoon. That Miss Maverick was the one who had thus written to Mrs. Branch Portia did not for an instant doubt.

When she went in the house Portia had intended to go to the library and write to Bruce. She did sit down in that room at her desk and took her pen in her hand; then she pushed pen and paper from her and rose impatiently. Some insuperable obstacle seemed in the way of her writing to him. When he had gone from her a few hours ago she had thought her greatest pleasure in his absence would be in writing to him—in receiving his letters.

Again she sat down, telling herself she would write all about the incident which had occurred that afternoon, but she found she could not mention her guest. At last she wrote a few stiff lines, which when they reached Bruce depressed him far more than silence would have done.

He crushed the note in his hand and thought:

"If she writes me often like this I will not stay away two weeks even."

CHAPTER VII.

It was not without a feeling of strong interest that Portia waited the next day for the time when her guest and her aunt should meet. Mrs. Branch, she knew, would not be down to breakfast; indeed she might not appear until late in the afternoon.

She did not know that the quadroom Jenny had seen Miss Maverick as she passed through the hall soon after breakfast, and that the servant had hurried up to her mistress.

"Lors, Miss Evelyn, who do you reckon Miss Porshy got a visitin' of her now?" The woman's eyes were big, and she was evidently greatly excited.

"Don't look like that!" cried Mrs. Branch fretfully. "Speak out if you can."

"Miss Rosamond," was the unexpectedly concise reply.

The answer did not create as much of a sensation as Jenny had hoped.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Branch knew Miss Maverick was in the vicinity, although she had not yet felt any incentive toward making an attempt to see her. But she did not know, and could not imagine how her niece should be acquainted with Rosamond Maverick.

"I am sure I did not know Portia was a friend of hers," she said, stopping her walk and staring at Jenny.

"If I'd been down stairs more, I s'h'd a found out when she come," said Jenny in an aggrieved tone. She had been kept constantly in attendance on her mistress in her own room since the afternoon before; and she felt that it was a servant's prerogative to know every movement of her "betters."

Mrs. Branch did not speak again for some time; when she did, her words were uttered with emphasis.

"Jenny," she said, "I know you can hold your tongue if you choose to do so." She looked at the colored woman fixedly as she went on. "Our affairs are nobody's business. There's no place like a country town for persistent, prying gossip. If there is any gossip I shall hear it quick enough from Mrs. Lunsford, and I shall know that you started it. I became acquainted with Rosamond Maverick during one winter which she spent in Richmond. You understand that, Jenny?"

Jenny bent her head.

"Very well. That accounts for my knowing her now. Go down and bring up that arrow-root; and bring the egg and wine." Jenny knew that when her mistress looked in that kind of a way it would be far better for her to obey her implicitly, dearly as she loved to gossip. The knowledge that Randolph Branch was this side of the water perhaps helped her to keep her resolution toward silence.

"But what half the world knows ain't no secret," she asserted.

Still she must let the sleeping dog lie.

So it came to pass that, when Mrs. Branch came down a little before noon, and made her way to the hammock under the pines

in the yard, the meeting between the two women was not notably impressive. Portia was in the hammock, and Miss Maverick was sitting on the ground with a book in her hand. She was dressed in the plainest black, with only a line of white at her throat and wrists; and she was very pale, with a look of great weariness on her face. Her figure, as she leaned there against the pine, was perfect in symmetry, and Portia had been looking at her with admiring eyes, her artistic perceptions being fully satisfied. Miss Maverick was tall, and larger every way than the average size of woman, and she had the graceful slowness of movement appropriate to such a form. Indeed she was almost languid, but that appearance was evidently owing to her not being in strong health.

Portia saw her face flush deeply, then grow paler than before. She turned her own glance toward the house and saw that her aunt was coming toward them. The two girls rose and Portia said, her voice a little affected by the annoyance that again came to the surface:

"It is my aunt, Mrs. Branch."

It seemed to the speaker's observant eyes that her guest winced visibly as that name was pronounced, but she said calmly:

"I am not a stranger to Mrs. Branch. I met her in Richmond some years ago, and knew her quite well at that time. I was governess in the family of a friend of hers."

It appeared that she was giving in a few comprehensive words all the explanation that could be necessary. What else should there be for her to say?

Portia was surprised to note the look of affection and pleasure which came to her aunt's face as she took Miss Maverick's hands in hers, looked intently at her for a moment, kissed her and then said:

"My dear Rosamond, you are looking really ill."

"I am not strong," was the answer, "and yet I don't know that I have any disease. The doctors tell me I need something to rouse me."

She smiled rather mockingly as she spoke the last words.

"I am very glad you are here," returned Mrs. Branch. "It will do you good to ride and go about with my niece. If it had not happened that you came as you did, I should have asked you to come and see me. It is lucky for you both, I think, that Portia has made your acquaintance."

Having thus spoken with far more than her usual interest, Mrs. Branch's animation began to subside. Her own physical and mental misery came uppermost again. She walked away down the path, while Miss Maverick stood looking as if undecided whether to join her or not. Her face showed how shocked she was at seeing how worn and wasted Mrs. Branch was.

"She must suffer fearfully!" she exclaimed in a low voice to Portia. "How fatal is that strange, superficial brightness of her eyes! They are dull, too—indestructible."

"It is opium," said Portia, feeling now that she had in a degree become accustomed to her aunt's appearance of suffering. "They say she may live a long time, but that she is wasting away in suffering unimaginable."

Miss Maverick moved impulsively forward, murmuring so that Portia heard the words,

"Poor woman! Her husband her tyrant, and now opium!"

She reached Mrs. Branch's side and gently drew her hand within her arm, saying with the tenderness of sympathy,

"Can you not walk better to rest on my arm? I am sorry you are not well."

Seeing that action and hearing the tone of those words, Portia did not wonder at the warmth of the greeting her usually self-absorbed aunt had given to Miss Maverick.

"That is like Doctor Bruce," thought she, as she watched the two out of sight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRIZES amounting to two thousand dollars were offered at the recent Hygienic Exhibition in Berlin for the best three designs for a model theatre, the conditions of which are as follows: Seats are to be provided for 1700 persons and a limited amount of standing room. The arrangements for corridors, foyers, cloak-rooms, dressing-rooms, etc., are to be of the most perfect description, specifications being given in every case, while the heating apparatus must furnish a fixed temperature varying at different points. Ventilation is demanded at the rate of twenty-five cubic metres per hour for each person in the audience, and with all drawings must be modes for ingress and egress, and the time in which the house could be cleared in case of fire.



THE REHEARSAL.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY NIXON.

AN ANDANTE OF BEETHOVEN.



OLD SCHMITT, with violin case under his weather-stained cloak, came out of the theatre after a matinée performance. It was raining—a sleety December rain; the street looked dark after the brilliant lights within; there was an unusual throng of people and din of wheels. Schmitt felt a strange bewilderment. It was all so dream-like; he seemed to be moving among phantoms. Truly, he thought, these theatre orchestras were enough to drive one mad sooner or later, and maybe his time had come. Here at the corner he comes upon the poor old beggar who would seem to choose such days as this for scraping his wretched fiddle in the open air. Half-frozen drops fall on the gray locks, on the purple, trembling hands. It is a pitiful sight, which sends a sudden chill to the blood of the fur-robed passers-by, and Schmitt sees him with a start of affright. Why should it strike him as a prophetic vision, a mocking picture of himself? He puts his hand to his head, trying to rub away so distressing a fancy, throws down a few pennies, and hurries on to be out of the sound of the shrieking strings.

He climbs two flights of stairs, and is at his own door. Little Dorette greets her grandfather with a kiss.

"Ah, Dorette! thou art a famous housewife for a seven-years maiden. But hast thou learned thy lesson, too?" with a glance at the little piano in the corner.

"Indeed have I, grandfather; and when we have had supper I will play it for thee," said Dorette as she went to lay the cloth.

By the fireside the old man fell into a reverie. In his ears still rang the galops and medleys of the theatre; but his thoughts were away with the grand orchestra in which he played before his fingers had lost their cunning. He had in truth been one of the original members of this orchestra in the primitive days of musical enterprise, had sacrificed not a little to its advancement, if sacrifice it could be called. The years went on; the band grew in numbers, in skill; younger members came in, new music was added to the repertory—erratic compositions some of them, Schmitt thought, though he tried to do his duty by

them. It happened at last that he who had entered in his prime, who had so long held the place of *chef d'attaque*, found himself with his gray hairs and his uncertain fingers some seats removed, a boy playing in the row before him. Then came a time of changes in the orchestra, and when all moved smoothly again old Schmitt had been left out. And this was the end of it all.

A fair vision passed before him—his handsome Carl, his gifted son, the father of little Dorette—he who had died so young. Carl would have been like a king come to his kingdom, and his old father would not sit to-night dishonored and forgotten. Then, again, that symphony of his own—for he had one, as so many of the others had, whether or not they confessed it—it had been lying a long time. No doubt but it was altogether old-fashioned, quite after the style of Mozart. Should he really never hear it with mortal ears?

Suddenly to-night, as he sat in bitterness of spirit, the injustice of fate and the ingratitude of men racking his soul, a terrible figure arose before him—grim Want with bony finger threateningly lifted. Dorette glancing around at that moment saw a look on the beloved face she had never seen there before—a look of pain, but more of terrible resolution.

The scanty supper was eaten in silence; the old man was absorbed, and the child felt a new, an oppressive sense of awe.

There is a knock at the door, and the grocer's wife from below comes in bearing a small tray. Her face glows with health and good-humor, and she is inconceivable that her neighbor can taste neither cakes nor ale.

"You are very kind, Frau Diefenbach," said he; "they will serve another time. I am going to take Dorette out to-night, and would you help her a little to dress herself comfortably?"

"Right heartily, and she shall wear my Lina's warm cloak; it is a bad night to be out of doors, Herr Schmitt."

But it is not far. They stop a moment at the corner where the great red and yellow bottles glow so prettily, and Schmitt asks for a phial of laudanum. It was for the toothache, he said, but with a thrill of shame in his honest heart.

A few steps farther on, and they enter a great square building already besieged by people and carriages. The musicians are tuning their instruments—a chaos of sounds from which heavenly order shall soon be evolved.

Yes, he would hear it again—this orchestra that had been the pride of his youth and his age; once more, and then—even now a great wave of harmony rolls forth bearing the soul upward.

"Look, Dorette," he whispered during a pause, "thou seest the man sitting first at the leader's left? There sat thy grandfather for nearly thirty years. And the leader at his desk? My Carl would stand in that place to-night if God had spared him to his old father. And hearken well to the music, Dorette. The memory of this night is all I can leave thee. Therefore have I brought thee."

The prima donna came forth. She sang her brilliant aria, and long raged the tempest of applause.

"Thus Fate knocks at the door." The symphony began. The violas and cellos in turn took up their melody and the beautiful andante moved on. "Art is eternal," it said; "serve, follow, trust her; she will not fail thee in the hour of thy extremity."

The old man's head sank low; great drops ran slowly down his cheeks. Only the student on the left, looking up a moment from his score noticed how

"Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor."

Then little Dorette raised her large eyes wonderingly to his face, for a drop had fallen on her small bare hand, smiled pitifully and wept too.

They came home through driving snow. The old man shivered in his thin garments, but Dorette trudged blithely on in the warm cloak of her neighbor. A fire still glowed in the grate and the old cat purled a welcome. For some time they sat in silence gazing at the red coals, Dorette with a look half of trouble half of rapture.

"Well, Dorette, art thou thinking of the lady who sang so wonderfully? Some day, of course, thou wilt sing like her!"

"Rather would I sit in thy old place, grandfather, and help to make the beautiful music."

"Rather than be the famous prima donna, who got as much money for a song or two as half the great orchestra together?"

"I care not; I would play in the orchestra. Tomorrow, dear grandfather, I will begin the violin."

The child's eyes glowed in the firelight, and she looked earnestly up to the old man's face.

"Thou art like my Carl, Dorette. Oh, my child! if thy father had but lived!"

"I will practice so much, grandfather. I will do what my father would have done."

"But thou art a girl, Dorette—thou art but a girl. And God help thee when I am gone!"

"When thou art gone, grandfather?" with a look of alarm.

"When I am gone!"

"Art thou going far, and soon? And wilt thou be long away?"

"Very far—it may be soon—and I shall be long away."

"Oh, grandfather, do not leave me! It is true, I am only a girl; but I will be so good to thee. A girl can get thy supper and mend thy coat and love thee. Everything I will do for thee, only so thou wilt not leave me."

"Hush, Dorette, my child; thou art indeed good to me. All will be well. But it is late. Kiss thy old grandfather, *meine Leichen*, and sleep well."

Dorette slept in her bed; the fire burned low; the old man still sat by the hearth, dark shadows gathering about him. Once he took the phial from his pocket and gazed at it a long time. Then he arose, and unlocking a desk in a corner brought out a thick manuscript. He leaned with it toward the grate, drew back, then suddenly threw it upon the coals. The waning fire caught the paper eagerly. The flames of the funeral pyre leaped high, and up the chimney in smoke and cinders fled the dream of a lifetime, perhaps to some blessed region of compensation where untried harmonies shall have a hearing.

He took up his violin, a few wild and dissonant strokes and he passed into the theme of the andante. It sounds like the farewell to all one loved or hoped for. Now he buries his face in his hands, now he looks wistfully toward the little sleeper, now he begins anew the sad, persistent theme. Again and again he repeats passage, phrase, measure. It is like a psalm of David to the soul of the player, a majestic peace glows upon his worn face and transfigures it.

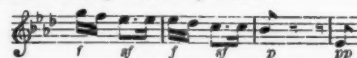
"Sleep, my little one," said he at last; "thy grandfather will not forsake thee. He will await God's time." And he emptied the phial upon the ashes.

The fire went out; the old cat crept closer to her master's feet. Outside the shutters creaked, and the wind moaned with strange, varying cadence; above it rose the sound of the violin as the old man played on. Dorette, in her dreams, still sits in the lofty gallery, the gorgeous lights before her eyes and the heavenly music sounding.

The bitter night had waned; the wind was still; the snow lay deep in the city's streets. That morning at the theatre the spruce young conductor was out of all patience because old Schmitt, first violin, was not on time at rehearsal. He had a talk with the manager and it was decided to drop Schmitt.

But where was he? The sun shone brightly into the little upper chamber. In her cot Dorette still slept the rosy sleep of the wearied child. In his chair, with violin against his breast, the old man slept the sleep of the wearied soul. Thus Frau Diefenbach found them when she came up that morning on friendly thoughts intent.

Old Schmitt had got his last dismissal.



EMILY JEWETT ROYALL.

READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

We are usually very careful to choose the friends and companions of our children. Do we not often forget that we are just as truly responsible for the books they read?

The mind of a child is often more influenced by what he reads and remembers than by what is merely seen and heard. The mental habits formed by good reading have been a source of power and a means of future success to all our self-made men.

A wise parent not only knows what his children are reading, but how much time is spent in this way; for many a puny, delicate child reads too much, and had far better be out of doors than sitting curled up by the fire, reading the best book you could have chosen for him.

Perhaps the father is away all day, and will say, "I leave all such things to their mother." Perhaps the mother, with one child in her arms, answers, "I have no time to think about it, much less to read their books." What then happens? The children *will* read in these days, and if good food is not provided they will very likely devour anything that comes in their way, including "the

dime novel" and the flash illustrated papers displayed at the nearest periodical stand.

When once they have acquired a relish for such literature it is not enough to forbid it. Perhaps you think *your* child will never read "on the sly" what he knows you would not allow him to read; but it is not safe to assume this. Neither is it wise to allow him the use of the public library without ever caring to know what he selects from it. If you are the busy mother let the boy read to you, now and then, a chapter from the book he finds so absorbing that he never hears the first time you speak to him. Then, even if the chapter be in the middle of the book, you will get a glimpse of its character, and by judicious questions can often draw from your child his idea of the influence of the story. If it is the adventures of a boy who ran away from home, as very likely it will be, you can improve the chance of ascertaining if your boy thinks that the correct way of settling all difficulties when he cannot make his parents obey him.

The love of adventure is what boys' reading usually gratifies. Now there is no reason why the real adventures of real boys and men should not interest them, if once they realize that truth may be more fascinating, as well as stranger, than fiction.

One way of showing this to your children is to ask as a favor that they will read some new book to you. Let them feel that they are entertaining the family for an hour two or three evenings in a week, and discuss the book with them in a way to show that you enjoy it. Let the family then read "Stanley's Africa" or Miss Bird's "Sandwich Islands" or "Japan," and you will find you have lifted the boys above "Ragged Tim" and "Run-away Jack."

With a little encouragement most children will early acquire a love for natural history, and this opens a wide range of good reading. The events of the day may often suggest an hour's reading to the family.

Just now the incidents of Garfield's boyhood are sure to

interest the children and from reading his life they may become fond of comparing the lives of great men.

Biography, history and science are safe fields in which to let the children roam at will, always making sure that they do not read too much. Many children whom we know draw six books in a week from the public library, and one from the Sunday-school library. If they read them all this is quite too much, added to their school work. If they do not read them, they skim and skip through them in a way which unfits them for really useful reading in years to come.

Let the boy feel that his reading is just as surely fitting him to be a man as his studies at school. It may indeed be a pleasure, not a task, but let the Christian parent be sure it is never an injury.

We would not condemn the reading of all works of fiction, but would impress it on the minds of parents that many of the popular novels of the day are not safe reading for young people. Cultivate their taste in this matter as you do their manners, and not think any book is sure to be better than no book.

To direct the reading of a young girl is often a difficult matter. If left to herself she is in danger of choosing a third-rate novel.

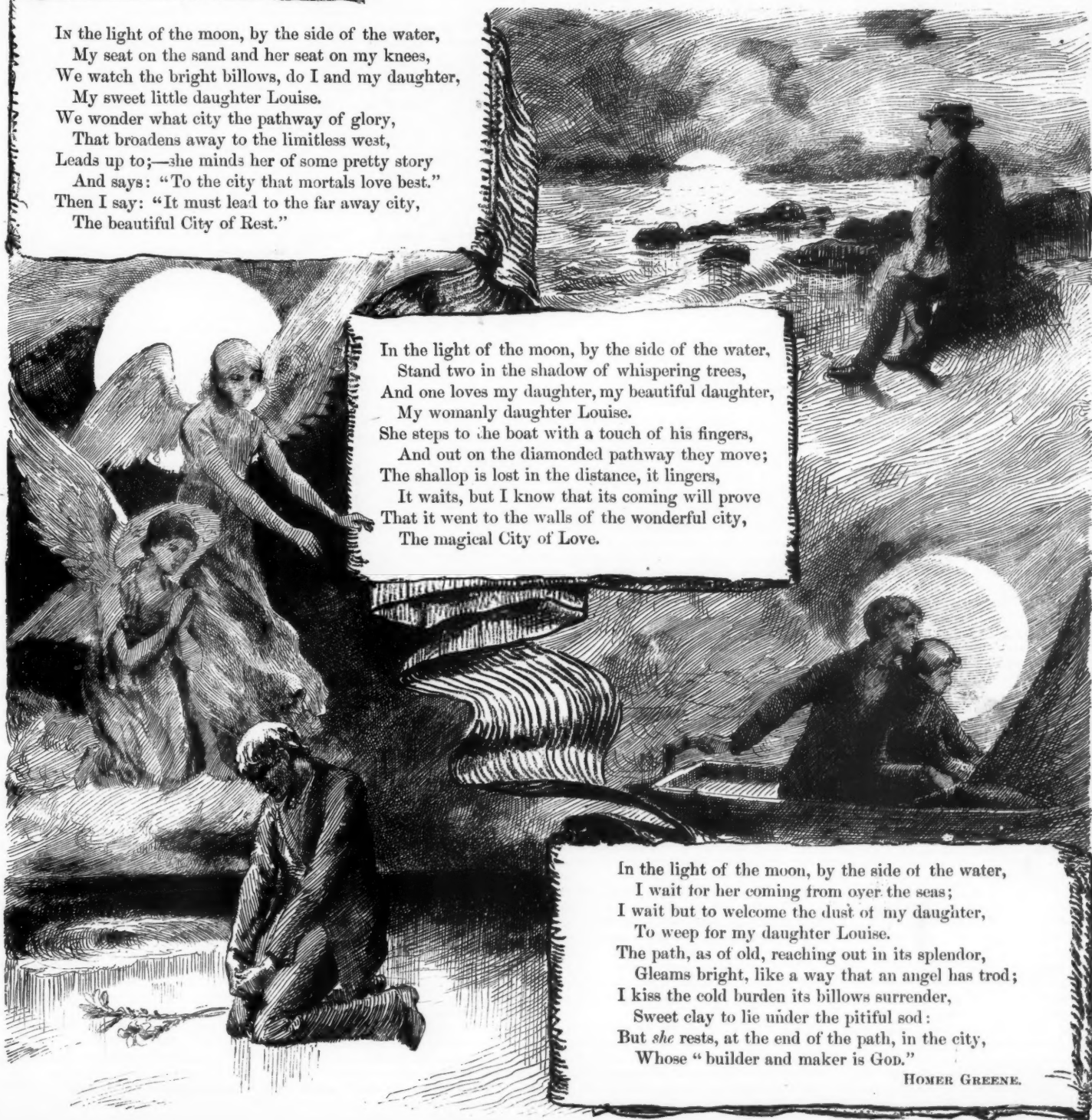
Study your daughters' tastes. If one is domestic, fond of "helping mother," furnish her with books which will educate her in the little arts which do so much toward making home happy and attractive. If another is musical, give her the short biographies of the great composers, with some of the good romances founded upon their lives.

The ability to read aloud so well that it is a delight to listen, is often a gift, or rather an acquisition, which will enable one to carry comfort and pleasure to the aged or sick, which will do far more good than gifts of silver and gold. Know what your children read. Let them feel that you are interested in their books for their sakes, and as far as possible direct and control this important part of their education.

ALMIRA L. HAYWARD.



In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
My seat on the sand and her seat on my knees,
We watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter,
My sweet little daughter Louise.
We wonder what city the pathway of glory,
That broadens away to the limitless west,
Leads up to;—she minds her of some pretty story
And says: "To the city that mortals love best."
Then I say: "It must lead to the far away city,
The beautiful City of Rest."



In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
Stand two in the shadow of whispering trees,
And one loves my daughter, my beautiful daughter,
My womanly daughter Louise.
She steps to the boat with a touch of his fingers,
And out on the diamonded pathway they move;
The shallop is lost in the distance, it lingers,
It waits, but I know that its coming will prove
That it went to the walls of the wonderful city,
The magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
I wait for her coming from o'er the seas;
I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter,
To weep for my daughter Louise.
The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor,
Gleams bright, like a way that an angel has trod;
I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender,
Sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod:
But *she* rests, at the end of the path, in the city,
Whose "builder and maker is God."

HOMER GREENE.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

An old man bowed with years, whose many
storms and burning suns
Have shattered, twisted, seared.
A blooming youth. The present is his time:
his swift hope runs
Forth eagerly. The future is unfeared.

Frosts of old age and shadows of the past can
find no dwelling place
With morning's sun and manhood's dawn.
What wonder that the youth should say with
half contemptuous face,
"Poor wretch! 'twere well that he were gone."

Another gazes on that feeble sire—he, too, a
youth;
But in his past enshrouded is a bier.
With what a wistful tenderness he looks and
sighs,
"If mine were only here!"

O magic death! thy wand transforms not only
those who die,
It touches with sweet memory's spell the living
ear and eye.
Music, that others cannot hear, doth lend its
softening powers,
And dusty paths to other eyes are blossoming
o'er with flowers.

R. A. JACKSON.

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DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Author of "Bressant," "Sebastian Strome," "Idolatri," "Garth," etc.

(CONTINUED.)

THERE was a slight tremor in the tone in which she made this confession. Sir Francis leaped forward, devoured with tender curiosity.

"In fact, sir, he was opposed to it. But it had always been my dream to revisit my native land, for I am an Englishwoman by birth, though so long an exile. I therefore resolved, if it were possible, to overcome the obstacles which he had placed in my way. It rests with you, dear sir, to decide whether or not I am to succeed."

"With me! my dear—my very dear madam," cried the baronet, impulsively extending his hands and imprisoning one of hers between them. "Do I hear you say that it is my happy privilege to be so far the arbiter of your destiny? Oh, charming woman! command me! enlighten me! show me how I can prevent you from ever putting a greater distance between us than—ahem!—than!"

"You must not speak like this," gently interposed the lady, as the baronet hesitated for a phrase. She withdrew her hand from his own, yet so that the deprivation seemed to convey more of regard than would the caress of another woman. "You make me regret my coming to you on this errand. It would be better I think if you could direct me to some other banker."

"Some other! Impossible! How have I been so unhappy as to make you regret this interview?"

"It could be for only one reason," said the lady, still more kindly. "You lead me to esteem so highly the value of your friendship that I cannot but regret it should be mingled with interests of a less elevated character. I could prize you so much as a friend that I am reluctant to think of myself as your customer."

Sir Francis positively blushed, and it was some moments before he recovered himself. "Do not think of yourself as my customer!" he then exclaimed, yielding himself completely to the fascinations of this veiled enchantress; "think of me as yours—as the customer who applies to you for all that renders his existence a blessing to him—for your friendship, your favor, your . . ."

"Oh, sir!" murmured the lady, rising in confusion.

"Charming creature!" supplicated the baronet; "be to me what you will, but do not rob me of the gift of your presence! Do not distrust me—I am all gentleness, and veneration. I am impulsive; but a look, a word, restrains me. Come, we will speak of business; business shall be the lowly yet honorable route by which we may in due course travel to better things. But, business first! How can I be of service to you? Is it your desire to make any deposit? Is there any negotiation . . . but pray, honor me by resuming your seat."

"I blame myself for detaining you so long; but I will try to be brief. It amounts to a question of the rate of interest. I am so little acquainted with money matters,

sir, as to be ignorant of the current rate in England."

"Your ignorance does you no discredit, madam. The fluctuations in the money market have of late years been great; at present, happily, confidence is being restored, and interest is lower. Six per cent. would I think represent a liberal!"

"Six per cent.? Ah, I understand now the full potency of the conditions my late husband imposed upon me. It would be useless for me to attempt to contend against them. I must return, then, to France." In saying this the lady repressed a sigh, and made a movement as if to close the interview.

"But, for pity's sake, explain yourself, dear madam!" cried Sir Francis.

"It would humiliate me to reveal to you the severity—I must not call it the unkindness—of which my husband . . . No, indeed, sir, you must excuse me!"

Sir Francis interrupted her by an eloquent gesture, as much as to say, "at least, trust me!"

"If I must speak, then let it be as to a friend, and in the confidence of friendship," said the lady, uttering herself with an apparent effort. "My husband's instruction was, that in case of my living in England, the property was to be entrusted to an English bank of unquestionable solvency, at an interest of twenty per cent. If this rate were not allowed by the bank, the property was not to be deposited in England; and should I still persist in residing here the whole of it was to go to a blood-relative of my husband. I have to choose, therefore, between being a beggar and remaining an exile. Were I a man I should not hesitate to select the former alternative, trusting to myself to earn an honest livelihood; but, as I am a woman" . . . her voice faltered, and she paused.

"As you are a woman, and the most adorable of women," said Sir Francis, gravely, "it shall be my happy privilege to defeat your husband's unjust purpose, and to bid you remain where your own inclination and the urgency of your friends would place you. Consider the matter settled. Nay—do not reply. I claim—I may even affirm that I possess—the right to impose my wishes upon you in this respect. I am the head of the house of Bendibow; and permit me to add, dear madam, that in the course of a long experience I have never been engaged in any transaction which promised me advantages so great as the present." Sir Francis concluded this speech with a bow that was in keeping with the dignity and magnificence of his sentiments. In fact, he could not but be conscious of the grandeur of his act, and his manner uplifted itself accordingly. But the lady shook her head.

"Were the soundness of your reasoning as unmistakable as the goodness and nobility of your breast," she said, "I should have no ground for hesitation; but you offer me what it is impossible I should accept. How can I consent to receive a yearly sum from you equal to the amount of my present income? It would be indistinguishable from a gift. I thank you from the bottom of my soul; but it cannot be."

"Madam, you wound the heart that you pretend to honor. But that is not all; you infinitely exaggerate your profit in the transaction. Although twenty per cent. is considerably in excess of the average rates of interest, it would be easy for me so to arrange matters that the bank's loss would be practically nil."

"Ah, if I could believe that!" . . . murmured the lady, half to herself.

"You may believe it implicitly," said Sir Francis, who had taken a sheet of paper and was writing rapidly upon it. In a few moments he finished the writing with a flourish, and handed it over to his visitor. It was an agreement, signed and dated, to pay interest at the rate of twenty per cent. upon all moneys which she might deposit in the bank. "My only regret is, that the obligation on your side is so trifling as to be merely nominal; I might otherwise have ventured to hope for some return!"

"You do me injustice, sir," interrupted the lady warmly, "if you imagine that I would yield to your pecuniary liberality what I would refuse to—to other considerations. You do yourself injustice if you regard your personal worth as not outweighing in my eyes all the bullion in your bank. You must, indeed, have misunderstood me, to think otherwise."

She had risen as she spoke, and so also had Sir Francis. He saw the error he had committed, and recognized the necessity of correcting it on the instant. He went down upon one knee before her, as majestically as the lack of suppleness which sixty years had inflicted upon his joints permitted.

"I shall remain here, madam," he declared, "until you have consented to condone a fault for which the imperfection of my language, and not the intention of my heart, is to blame. Lovely—irresistible woman, why should I longer attempt to disguise my feelings towards you? Why should I speak of the respect in which I hold you, the honor, the admiration, when there is one word which comprises and magnifies them all? You know that word; yet, for the easing of my own heart, it shall be uttered. I love you!"

"Love? . . . Oh, sir—you mistake—that is not right—it cannot!"

But Sir Francis had possessed himself of her hand, and was imprinting ardent kisses upon it. The lady trembled; she seemed to be agitated by some strong emotion; with her free hand she pressed her veil over her face. Sir Francis rose and attempted to enfold her in his embrace. But she eluded him, and spoke breathlessly.

"If you really have any regard for me, sir, you will restrain yourself. Let us—ah—let us speak of other things—this paper. Nay, I entreat you . . . what would you have me say? Is this a time or a place for me to confess that you have inspired me with a sentiment—oh! have pity, sir. Come to me to-morrow—this evening if you will—but not here, not now."

"You give me hope, then? Divine creature, do you grant me an interview?"

"Yes, yes—anything! indeed you may command me but too easily: only, if you love me at all, have consideration for my position—for!"

"Enough! I am obedient, and I am mute, save as you bid me speak," cried the baronet, almost bewildered with the immensity of his own good fortune, and physically much out of breath besides. He sank into his chair, panting. "We understand each other!" he sighed out, with an impassioned smile. "Till this evening! meanwhile!"

"This paper, then? Is it a legal form? Are you serious in making such a contract with me?"

The baronet nodded profoundly. "It bears my signature: it is complete, and irrevocable!"

"But my own name is not written here. You have left a blank."

"For you to fill up, dearest creature! How could I write your name, when you have not told me what it is?"

"How, sir? You do not know my name?" exclaimed the lady, with an accent of surprise.

"Positively, I have not a notion of it. The servant did not announce it."

"And you enter into this contract with one of whom you know nothing?"

"Tis yourself, fairest of your sex, not your name that has importance for me," panted the baronet complacently. "But you will tell it me? and lift that veil that obscures so much beauty?"

"Apparently, Sir Francis, it has obscured more than my beauty," returned the lady dryly. She approached the table at which he sat, and added, "Give me your pen."

Somewhat startled at the abruptness of her tone, the baronet complied with her request. She held the paper upon the desk with her left hand while she wrote a name in the blank space which Sir Francis had left for that purpose. His eye followed the swift movement of the pen, and when the writer laid it down, he read out the name mechanically—

"Perdita, Marquise Desmoines."

Sir Francis leant back heavily in his chair, and his arms fell loosely at his side. He stared at the charming figure in front of him with a sort of vacant consternation. She threw back her veil.

The face that was thus revealed was certainly not one to disappoint the most sanguine expectations. In shape it was a full oval, the nose delicate and pointed, with the lip mobile to the changing play of the lips in smiling or speaking. Her chin was firm, her throat solid, round and white. It was the face of one capable alike of luxurious indolence and dangerous energy; endowed with dimples for mirth and with clear-cut lines for resolute purpose. Sound sense and accurate memory dwelt in the broad brow; good temper in the curve of cheek and eyelid; passion in the full lower lip. From the movements of the features and the poise of the head upon the neck might be divined that she was proud, generous, or implacable as the whim suited her; but the dominant expression at present was one of archly mischievous amusement.

"You don't seem glad to see me, Uncle Francis!" she exclaimed, making a move of lovely irony.

No answer from the baronet.

"You wanted to kiss me just now; come—I am ready."

Sir Francis was still speechless.

"Why, uncle, how unsympathetic you are grown all of a sudden! Don't you love your poor widowed niece, whom you haven't seen or heard of for ten years? You were so complimentary and affectionate a moment ago! And so generous, too, uncle," she added, holding up the signed agreement between her white forefinger and thumb. At the sight of this the baronet's countenance became ghastly, and he emitted a groan.

Perdita, Marquise Desmoines, threw back her head and laughed with all her might—a laugh full of liquid music. "You are a most incomprehensible man, uncle," she declared, when she had recovered herself. "When my veil is drawn you call me fairest of my sex, dearest creature, and sweetest of women; you go down on your knees to me, devour my hand, and pay me ten thousand a year to live in London. You were so delightfully impetuous, in short, that you almost frightened me. Who would have expected such ardor from a man of your age? Then, when the veil is lifted, you sit as silent and impassive as a bag of guineas; you glare at me as if I were a gorgon. I hope you will be more agreeable when you come to see me this evening? We understand each other, you know—don't we?—eh, uncle?" And she laughed once more.

"Well, well, Perdita," said the baronet at last in a feeble voice, "you are a monstrous clever girl, and you may have your laugh out. As for that paper, you may as well return it me at once. You have your jest; that was mine."

"If all your jests are worth ten thousand a year, I should like to engage you as my court-jester, uncle. You will be worth your weight in silver if you made no more than six jests in a twelvemonth."

"Well, well; but give me the paper; seriously, I insist!"

"You insist! Oh, uncle! Because the uncle is a jester, it does not follow that the niece must be a fool. Besides, you have owed me this for ten years."

"Owed it you? What the deuce?"

"Ah, uncle, you are growing old—you are losing your memory. Didn't you marry me to my poor marquis without a dowry? and didn't you say you would make it up to me when times improved? Well, in five or six years perhaps I may give you this paper back; but to do so now, dear uncle, would be discourteous; it would be denying you the privilege of doing an act of justice."

"Upon my life, madam," exclaimed Sir Francis, plucking up some resolution, "you may keep the paper or not as you see fit; but the engagement is not worth the ink it's written with; and that you shall find out!"

The marquise regarded her exasperated relative with a charming gleefulness. "But it is only for twenty per cent. you know, uncle," she said; "and you are able to put out money at double that rate—and more, I dare say."

"Zounds, ma'am, I protest I am ignorant of your meaning!" cried the baronet indignantly.

"I mean Raffett's," was Perdita's reply.

Sir Francis changed color and countenance at that word, as if it were a spell that threatened his life. "You don't mean . . . I don't know" . . . he began.

"Come, uncle, we are people of the world, are we not?" said the marquise, with a rather comical smile.

"We have all made our little mistakes; I don't mean to annihilate you; but I happen to know all about Raffett's, and have a fancy to make you pay my dowry; not that I need the money, but because I dote upon abstract justice. Let us be good friends. Birds in their little nests agree; and so should uncle and niece. You may come and pay your respects to me to-morrow, if you like—if you can control the impatience that was consuming you ten minutes ago! I have several things to talk over with you. I have taken a house in Red Lion Square for the present; London will not hear of me until next winter. I am only just become a disconsolate widow, and mean to behave accordingly."

Sir Francis sighed, with the air of a man who resigns himself to the rigor of fate.

"And you are really going to remain in England?" he said.

"As long as it amuses me. Paris is dull without the emperor. Besides—but you shall hear the rest to-morrow." She rose to go.

At this juncture Catnip tapped at the door and put in his head.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir Francis."

"What is his name?"
 "Mr. John Grant, Sir Francis."
 "Who?"
 "Mr. John Grant, Sir Francis."
 "I don't know him," said the baronet.
 "However, let him enter."
 The Marquise Desmoines, going out, met Mr. John Grant in the passage, which was narrow. He ceremoniously made room for her to pass; glanced after her for a moment, and then went into the baronet's room.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE may assume, for the present, that Mr. Grant's object in calling upon Sir Francis Bendibow was to make arrangements whereby the bank might charge itself with the investment and care of his property. Meanwhile we shall have time to review what had been happening during the previous week at Mrs. Lockhart's. Philip Lancaster and Mr. Grant, having passed their first night at the "Plow and Harrow," returned to the widow's with their luggage the next morning. Their reception on this occasion was much more cordial and confident than it had been the day before. The chance which had brought Lancaster into relations with the family of the gallant old soldier, whose body he had rescued from an unmarked grave, gave him a lien upon the interest and gratitude of the two women such as he might not otherwise have acquired at all. The whole history of his acquaintance with Major Lockhart had to be told many times over to listeners who could never hear it often enough; and the narrator ransacked his memory to reproduce each trifling word and event that had belonged to their intercourse. The hearers, for their part, commented on and discussed the story with a minuteness so loving and unweariable as to move Lancaster to say privately to Mr. Grant, "Dammé, sir, if it doesn't make me wish that I had been the Major, and the Major me. I shall never have a widow and daughter to mourn me so!"

"It is one of the ills of this life," Mr. Grant returned with a smile, "that while your mourners are your only honest flatterers, their flattery always comes a day too late. If you had been the Major you would have missed hearing his praises. Being yourself, you miss the praises themselves; but upon the whole I think you have the best of it. The love of these good women for their departed father and husband is like yonder ray of sunshine which falls upon his portrait. It falls only there, but see how it brightens and warms the whole room—and your own countenance, I fancy, especially. In some measure, sir, you are heir of that wealth of affection which was the Major's while he lived. Your news of him has partly made you his substitute in the eyes of those who loved him. *Non omnis moriatur.*"

"I wish you would take my poem in hand and put some poetry into it. 'Tis true the wreath of fame, as well as the brand of infamy, is laid only on dead brows. If a man could but return to life long enough to admire his own statue, or read his damnation in the *Quarterly*!"

"The damnation is swifter of foot than the statue, and sometimes overtakes us on this side of the grave," said Mr. Grant. "But your aspiration may be realized. I have known the dead to come to life."

"To find, probably, that the reality of dead features is less comely than the remembrance?"

"As for that, the dead man, if he be wise, will so disguise himself as to avoid recognition. He will renew his life only so far as to be a spectator, not a participant. So that, after all, he is not himself again, nor any other man either, and that is the same as to say that he is nobody, which is as much as a dead body has any right to be."

"I'm not sure of that," said Lancaster, folding his arms and leaning back his head. "There is a fellow in Weimar by the name of Goethe—you may have heard of him—who has written a poem called 'Faust.' Faust comes back to life, or to youth, which amounts to the same thing, and proves to be anything but a mere spectator. He gets caught in a love-scrape, and there is the devil to pay. There is something attractive in this human life which grapples us whether we will or no, and makes us dance to one tune or another. On second thoughts I withdraw my aspiration; one life is enough for me, and may be too much. To live again would be to wear the same old cap and bells, only jingling them to another measure. No man with any self-respect or sense of the ridiculous would do it."

"I apprehend you may be familiar with

an earlier work of M. Goethe's, which I also have read, called the 'Sorrows of Werther.' But I question seriously whether mankind are really the poor puppet-show that you speak of. Life is unreal and bootless only so long as you make yourself the centre and hero of it. As soon as you begin to help on the others with their parts, both they and you cease to be puppets. For no man can live in himself, but only in his acts; and if his acts are just, so much the more fragrantly will they survive him."

"I believe that theoretically; but practically I am persuaded that to fall passionately in love is the only way to become alive: and selfishness is the very essence of love."

"Ha!" ejaculated Mr. Grant stroking his chin. "You have been in love, no doubt?"
 "I have been like other men, or as much worse than the average as my intellectual capacity may be superior to theirs. But—no; I have never been alive in the sense I speak of."

"Too unselfish, eh?"

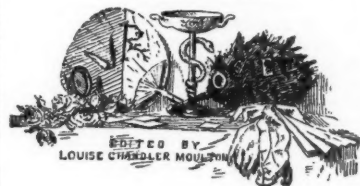
"Well—not quite selfish enough, I suppose; or too cautious to venture on a final plunge into the abyss. The puppet business is less arduous, and gives a man a better opinion of himself, by lowering his opinion of his fellow-actors."

"Ha! and it's too late to expect you to lose your caution now, of course?"

"I have experimented too much!" replied Lancaster, getting up and going to the window.

Mr. Grant took a pinch of snuff and said nothing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



KETTLE-DRUMS.

THE very easiest and most informal entertainment is the kettle-drum, or afternoon tea. In London afternoon tea is universal. If you are calling anywhere in the latter part of the afternoon tea and thin bread and butter will be offered you as a matter of course, or if it has already been handed round you will be asked if you have had your tea, and if not a fresh supply will be immediately brought. I have few pleasanter social memories than of five o'clock teas in certain houses where brilliant women and lovely girls gathered round the low table, and perhaps two or three men would happen in, full of the stir and life of the world outside.

From this simple beginning grew our fashion of kettle-drums, which speedily became with us afternoon receptions, often as heavy and as expensive as evening parties. I have seen plenty of spreads at kettle-drums after which dinner would have been a mockery, and also plenty of others that were as simple as the five o'clock tea with which they all began.

A letter just received inquires:

"What shall be served at kettle-drums, and how?"

This is a difficult question to answer categorically. There is no form of entertainment concerning which there is so much liberty, so little of established rule or custom. If for any reason a lady prefers to give a party in the afternoon on the same scale she would adopt in the evening she may have her refreshment table as sumptuous as she pleases. Hot oysters, terrapin, sweetbread patties, any kind of easily-served dishes which could be eaten with a fork would be suitable, and wines are often given also. But an entertainment of this kind is not a real kettle-drum, it is an afternoon reception, and no lady need hesitate to give in its stead the very simplest form of afternoon tea, which indeed seems to me a far pleasanter and more rational affair to come off between breakfast and dinner than the more elaborate spreads to which I have just referred.

If your bread is thin enough, your butter fresh, your cake good and your tea and coffee perfection, you have provided all that is necessary. In warm weather ices or strawberries could be added. In England you will very seldom be given more than this at the best houses, and in Italy, where the afternoon receptions are the most agreeable entertainments imaginable, you will never be offered anything more than dainty little cakes, chocolate and tea. These slight

refreshments are usually served in the simplest way. The hostess herself, or if the guests are numerous a white-capped *bonne* or two, pours out the tea and chocolate and the men of the party hand it to the ladies. Often the children of the house sit to and fro, carrying cups of tea or plates of cake, and everybody talks to everybody else. There will be the best pictures on the walls or the easels, often the best music from people the world knows well, and a reception thus simple in point of refreshment, but rich in the pleasures of art, is a memorable delight.

We Americans, it seems to me, are never long satisfied with anything thoroughly simple and inexpensive. A few people with whom money is no object turn a simple afternoon tea, for instance, into a costly banquet, and then others who could have given the afternoon tea easily and pleasantly, but cannot well afford the elaborate entertainment, either do what they cannot do properly or comfortably and give an entertainment out of proportion to their means or their usual style of living, or else refrain from hospitality altogether. This is a mistake to be regretted.

I heard a lady who returned home three or four years ago from a prolonged residence in an Italian city lamenting bitterly the other day the infrequency here of such simple and informal afternoon entertainments as had been one of the charms of Florence and Rome. But no lady need feel any hesitation in asking her friends to tea when she means nothing but tea and cake and bread and butter, and if she herself is charming and her house is pleasant they will come as gladly as if she gave them peacocks' tongues or melted rubies.

No drearier life outside a Trappist monastery has often been lived than that of the Princess Cicely, mother of Edward the Fourth of England, and even in those days of priestly influence it is doubtful if she found many imitators. She rose at seven, this being the strongest concession to the flesh in all the twenty-four hours. Matins followed as soon as she was dressed, and then breakfast, after which she returned to the chapel and continued religious exercises until eleven, when she and her household dined. An hour's audience to tenants followed, then fifteen minutes rest and a return to private prayers, which lasted until even-song, to which she went, with only a stop for a glass of wine or ale. Even-song over at five o'clock she went to supper, reciting there the reading to which she had listened at dinner. Then followed an hour devoted, so the old chronicle says, to "mirth," though of what nature or degree there is no record, and at eight the princess, after a final hour of prayer, went to bed, to rise to the same round with another day. By the constitution of the house any man who came late to matins had only bread and water for his supper, and the meals were all, for that time of heavy eating and deep drinking, of Spartan-like simplicity.

It is a very singular fact—a social phenomenon—that no less than three of the leading revolutionary journals of Paris are edited respectively by a marquis, a baron and a duke. On one alone are three titled editors and assistants. The *Mot d'Ordre* is edited by one who chooses to be simply Edmund Lepelletier; but more than one line is required for his full signature of "Edmund le Vicomte de Bonhelier-Lepelletier, Baron de Saint Fargeau." The reporter of law cases for the same journal, who signs himself simply "Andre," is also a viscount, "Andre, Vicomte de Gosset," while the third in this aristocratic stock company is the Marquis de George. As their ancestors put on the coarse robes of the Benedictine or fled to Trappist monasteries in revolt against the sham and falsehood of the time, the modern aristocrat becomes a Socialist or a Nihilist, going to any extreme to escape the deadening influence of the merely fashionable world. Far more readily in Paris than in London could be found the original of Mr. William Black's young Socialistic nobleman; but in any case he proves truer to nature than critics admit.

BALZAC says that to muse, to dream over beautiful works, is an enchanting occupation; but what we should glorify in and in all creations of the mind is—courage. The artists must never stop to consider difficulties, but, like princes born to deliver enchanted ladies, rush to their task determined to conquer, and not assist at the suicide of their own talent by standing still to consider possible failures.

THE STILL HOUR.

SONNET.

My disposition happy is and light,
 But there are times when darkness settles down
 Upon my soul—times when I feel the fight
 Of life a useless struggle, and would drown
 The woe that weighs my spirit deep in death.
 For when the soul is weary, when each breath
 Is drawn in heaviness, then death seems sweet—
 More like an everlasting sleep, a rest
 From all the labors, doubts and fears I meet
 Here, than the dread transition that, at best,
 It is when I am happy, and I induce
 Myself to give up hopes of peace till I
 Am called, doth oft require a greater use
 Of fortitude than twenty times to die.

L. F. M.

TRIFLES are the hinges of destiny. *

POVERTY is a blessing when it makes a man look up.—*McDonald.*

A WOMAN's soul is a book with many chapters, and motherhood is one of these.—*O. P. Gifford.*

SIN against God is the audacity of an insect despising the ancient sun in the heavens.—*John H. Barrows.*

WHEN Jesus sets men to singing, their services of song will be melodies in the heart to God.—*F. A. Noble.*

It is not worth while to live to accumulate a little money at the expense of a shrunken soul.—*Dr. Sample.*

SUCCESS is always invigorating, but to truly great minds never intoxicating. Only light fabrics are puffed up by a breath.—*Ellen Oliver.*

THE heavens touch the earth on the horizon of our vision, but it always seems farthest to the sky from the spot where we stand.—*A. Maclaren.*

It is good for us to think no grace or blessing truly ours until we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE formula of the sceptical scientist is "force; matter, nature, grind." The formula of the Christian philosopher "God, matter, love, growth."—*T. K. Beecher.*

GOD does not desire that we should pitch our tents in the valley of repentance and humiliation. He is satisfied if we only pass through on our way to the happy heights of peace beyond.—*Julia H. Thayer.*

THE gospel endorses no legalistic view of piety. Those who regard the wearing of a solemn face as a prime Christian duty mistake the nature of religion. The stern, forbidding aspect of some lives is not a reflection of our Saviour's life. The spirit of the gospel is not one of moroseness but of gladness.—*J. W. Teal.*

DOGMAS and theological phraseologies are often the tests of orthodoxy. Tradition has given them a sanctity which the preacher feels he must not violate. And yet that phraseology, once plump and fresh with meaning, is to-day like husks, dry and worthless. To repeat it is to talk to empty pews.—*E. G. Robinson.*

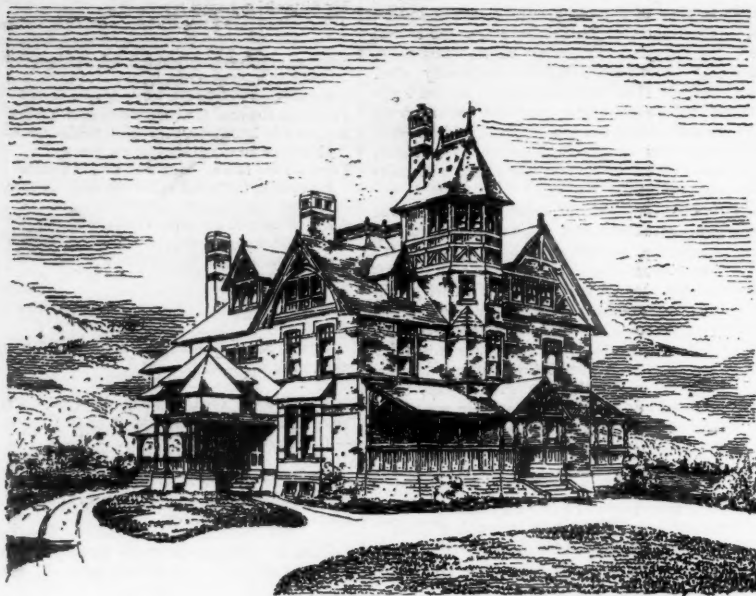
KEEP clear of personalities in conversation. Small minds occupy themselves with persons. When you must talk of persons dwell on the good side. There are family boards where a continual criticism and cutting up of character go on, but it is not a pleasant thing to a kind heart—one does not like to dine off a dissecting table.—*John Hall.*

OH, the interminable length of those bridges from life-point to life-point over which we must some time pass at a foot-pace! Is anything more intolerable than the monotonous tramp of the meaningless steps? Is anything more sickening than the easy sway of the bridge, which seems to make the whole reel, while in truth it is only ourselves?—*Anna B. Warner.*

CHARACTER is a plant of the slowest growth. A completely-fashioned will is an achievement of such grand and beautiful proportions that infinite care and pains may well be spent on its foundations and its gradual building up, part after part, into commanding height and spacious breadth and noble symmetry. Truly the foundations of this structure are deeper than our visible and conscious individual life. They are many generations deep.—*John W. Chadwick.*

J. L. RUSSELL.

THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.—III.



THEY didn't begin to build, from Cousin George's nor from any other plans, for many weeks. Until the new home should be completed Jill had agreed to commence housekeeping in the house that Jack built, without making any alterations in it, only reserving the privilege of finding all the fault she pleased to Jack privately, in order, as she said, to convince him that it would be impossible for them to be permanently happy in such a house.

"I supposed," said Jack, with a groan, "that my company would make you blissfully happy in a cave or a dug-out."

"So it would, if we were bears—both of us. As we are sufficiently civilized, taken together, to prefer artificial dwellings it will be much better for us to find out what we really need in a home by actual experiment for a year or two. You know everybody who builds one house for himself always wishes he could build another to correct the mistakes of the first."

"Yes, and when he has done it probably finds worse blunders in the second. Still, I'm open to conviction, and after our late architectural tour perhaps my house won't seem in comparison so totally depraved."

When they visited it preparatory to setting up their household gods—Jack's bachelor arrangements being quite inadequate to the new order of things—Jack, with a flourish, threw the highly ornamental front door wide open. Jill walked solemnly in and, looking neither to the right nor the left, went straight up-stairs.

"Hello!" Jack called after her, "what are you going up-stairs for?"

"I supposed you expected everybody to go up-stairs," said Jill, looking over the bannister, "or you wouldn't have set them directly across the front entrance."

"I do, of course," Jack responded, following three steps at a time. "And now will you please signify your royal pleasure as to apartments?"

"O, yes. The first requisite is a room with at least one south window."

"Here it is. A southerly window and a cloudy sky—two windows, in fact. And look here; see what a glorious closet. It goes clear up to the ceiling."

"It isn't a closet at all; only a little cupboard. It wouldn't hold one-half of your clothes nor a tenth part of mine. And there's no fireplace in the room—not even a hole for a stove-pipe."

"Furnace, my dear. We shall be warmed from the regions below. There's the register."

"I see. But where shall the bed stand? On these two sides it would come directly in front of

a window; on this side there isn't room between the two doors; on that, there's the 'set bowl'—I hate 'set bowls'—and the furnace register in the floor."

"That's so. I never had any bed in this room. Try the dining-room chamber; that has a south window. The bed can stand on the north side and the dressing table over in the other corner."

"Yes, in the dark, with a window behind my back. Oh! Jack, why didn't you get a wife before you planned your house?"

"I did try."

"You did!" You never mentioned it to me before. What is this little room for?"

"Why, nothing in particular. It came so, I suppose—part of the hall, you know; but it wouldn't be of any use in the hall, so I made a room of it. It will hold a cot bed if we should happen to have a house full of company."

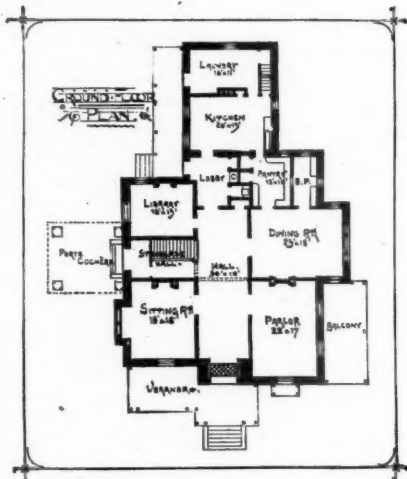
"It will never be needed for that with three other guest rooms; but I see what can be done. You know I promised not to make any alterations; but destruction isn't alteration, and as this little room is beside the front chamber, with only the little cupboard between, a part of the partition between the rooms can be destroyed. There will be no need of a door; a portière will be better, and I can use the small room for a dressing-room and closet. So that is nicely arranged; and while you are marking where the partition is to be cut away I will explore the first story."

Now, the stairs were built in a very common fashion, having a sharp turn at the top, which makes the steps near the balustrade exceedingly steep and narrow. Jill's foot slipped on

the top step and down she went, feet foremost, never stopping till she reached the hall floor below. Jack, hearing the commotion, ran to the rescue, caught his foot in the carpet and came tumbling after, with twice as much noise and not half as much grace. Happily the staircase was well padded under the carpet, and finding Jill unhurt as well as himself, Jack helped her to rise and coolly remarked:

"You certainly can't find any fault with the stairs, Jill, dear. If there had been one of those square landings midway it would have taken twice as long to come down. I—I had them made so on purpose. Will you walk into my parlor?"

They went in and sat down in easy-chairs.



"I suppose," said Jill, "that our native land contains about a million houses with stairs like these and just such halls—if people will persist in calling them 'halls,' when they are only little narrow, dark, uncomfortable entries. If we were going to make any alterations in this house—which we are not, only destructions—I should take these out, cut them in two in the middle, double them up, straighten the crook at the top and shove them outside the house, letting the main roof drop down to cover them. Then I would make a large landing at the turn, large enough for a wide seat, a few book shelves and a pretty window. This could be of stained glass, unless the view outside is more interesting than the window itself. The merit of a stained-glass window," Jill observed, very wisely, "is that the sunlight makes a beautiful picture of it inside the house during the day, and the same thing, still more beautiful, is thrown out into the world by the evening lamps, and the darker the night the brighter the picture. After the stairs were moved out, the little hall, if joined to the room we are now in by a wide doorway, would become of some value. There is no grate in this room, and a chimney might be built in the outer wall, with a fireplace opposite the wide doorway. Then, taken all together, we should have a very pretty sitting-room. I shouldn't call that an alteration—should you Jack?—only an addition."

"Certainly not. Tearing down partitions, taking out plumbing, building a few chimneys, moving stairways, and such little things, can't be called 'alterations'—oh, no."

"And the house would be worth so much more when you come to sell it."

"Of course. But why do you call this a 'sitting-room'? It wouldn't be possible to sell a house that has no parlor; besides, this is marked 'parlor' on the plan."

"I prefer the spirit of the plan to the letter of it. This is the pleasantest room—almost the only pleasant room on this floor. It is sunny and convenient, it looks out upon the street and across the lawn, and whatever it is labeled

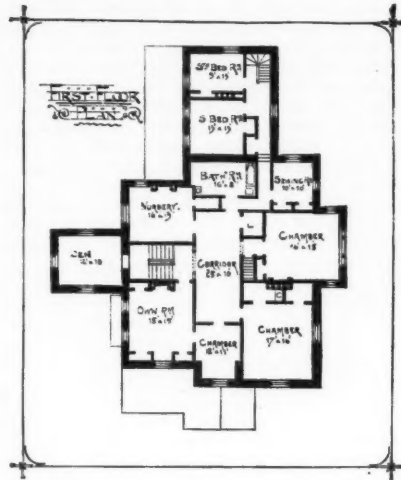
it will be our common every-day sitting-room. For similar reasons we will take the chamber over it for our own room."

"What becomes of our hospitality if we keep the best for ourselves?"

"What becomes of our common sense if we make ourselves uncomfortable the year round in order to make a guest a little less uncomfortable over night? I try to love my neighbor as myself; I can't love him three hundred and sixty-five times as well. Now, if you are rested, we will go and see if the architect has come."

He had not arrived, but they found a ponderous package of plans from Aunt Melville with an explanatory note, a letter from Cousin Bessie admonishing Jill that her new home ought to be "a perfect poem, pervaded and perfumed by a rare feeling of tender longing and homely aspiration," and another from her father's oldest sister.

"For fifty years," Aunt Jerusha wrote, "I have lived in what would now be called an old-fashioned house, though it was new enough when I came to it, and I always think of the Scripture saying when I hear about the many inventions that men have sought out and are putting into houses



now-a-days. The danger is not so much from the inventions themselves as from what they lead to. They promise great things, but I've learned to be suspicious of anything or anybody that makes large promises. I've learned, too, that realities sometimes go by contraries as well as dreams. The poorest folks are often the richest and the greatest saving often turns out to be the greatest waste. Air-tight stoves saved the wood-pile, but they gave us colds and headaches. So your uncle put them away and we went back to the fireplaces. Then came the hot-air furnaces, which seemed so much less trouble than open fires, but taking care of the open fires wasn't half so troublesome as taking care of sick folks; and the same thing we learned to our bitter cost of the plumbing pipes that creep around like venomous serpents and promise to save so many steps. Perhaps they do, but it seems to me that much of our vaunted labor-saving is at best only a transfer. We work all the harder at something else or compel others to work for us. When I began housekeeping I had no difficulty in taking care of my large house without any help, nor in caring for my family while it was small. Yet I hadn't a single modern invention or labor-saving machine. I have had a great many since and have tried a great many more. When I find one that helps in the work that *must* be done I am glad to keep it. If it merely does something



new—something I had never done before—I keep the old way. Multiplying wants may be a means of grace to the half-civilized, but our danger lies in the other direction: we have too many wants already. And this is what I sat down to say to you, my dear child: Don't make house-keeping such a complex affair that you must give to it all your time and strength, leaving no place for the 'better part.' Don't fill your house with furniture too fine to be used and don't try to have everything in the latest fashion. I see many beautiful things and read of many more, but nothing is half so beautiful to me as the things that were new fifty years ago and are still in daily use. Of planning houses I know but little. For one thing, I should say, have the kitchen and working departments as close at hand as possible. This will save many weary steps, whether you do your own work or leave it with servants, the best of whom need constant watching and encouragement, or they will not make life any easier or better worth living."

"Isn't this rather a solemn letter?" Jack inquired.

"Yes; it's a solemn subject."

"Shall you 'do your own work'?"

"Of course I shall. How can I help it?"

"Each hath a work that no other can do."

but just precisely what my own work will be I am not at present prepared to say."

"Is Aunt Melville as solemn as Aunt Jerusha?"

"Aunt Melville assures her dear niece that 'the last plans are absolutely beyond criticism: the rooms are large and elegant, the modern conveniences perfect, the kitchen and servants' quarters isolated from the rest of the house.'"

"That won't suit the other aunty."

"The porte cochère and side entrance most convenient and the front entrance sufficiently distinguished by the tower. I particularly like the porte cochère at the side. If none of your callers came on foot there would be no objection to having it at the front entrance, but it isn't pleasant to be compelled to walk up the carriage-way. As you see, this is a brick house, and I am persuaded you ought to build of bricks. It will cost ten or fifteen per cent. more—possibly twenty—but in building a permanent home you ought not to consider the cost for a moment."

"That's a comfortable doctrine, if everybody would live up to it," said Jack.

"Yes; and like a good many other comfortable doctrines, it contains too much truth to be rejected, not enough to be accepted. We must count the cost, but if we limit ourselves to a certain outlay and positively refuse to go beyond that, we shall regret it as long as we live. We may leave some things unfinished, but whatever is done past alteration, either in size or quality, must be right, whatever it costs."

And herein Jill displayed her good sense. It is, indeed, a mistake to build a house beyond the possibility of paying for it or of maintaining it without a constant struggle, but in building a permanent home there is more likely to be lasting regret through too close economy in the first outlay than through extravagance—regret that can only be cured by an outlay far exceeding what the original cost would have been.

The architect came as the sun went down, and, after being duly warmed, fed and cheered, was informed by Jill that all she expected from him that evening was an explanation of the respective merits of wood and brick houses. Jack begged the privilege of taking notes, to keep himself awake, Jill begged the architect to be as brief as possible, and the architect begged for a small blackboard and a piece of chalk that he might, in conveying his ideas, use the only one, true, natural and universal language which requires no grammar, dictionary or interpreter.

E. C. GARDNER.

A RECENT experiment in London, under the sanction of the Artisans' Dwellings Act of 1875, has left the poor of that city in a worse state than it found them. A sum of \$7,500,000 has been expended in providing homes for but ten thousand people, the work including the buying of districts most open to pestilence and disease, and in replacing the rookeries by improved houses. Unfortunately no provision could be made for the swarms driven out of the overcrowded districts, and often a sudden rush of tenants put up rents for a mile about, as high in many cases as an advance of eight and even ten per cent. A general act being supposed to cover all the needs of this class, vestries of parishes refused to meet appeals for aid, and thus quite as much distress

would seem to have followed as if no act had been passed. It is simply another illustration of the uselessness and even folly of appropriating public money for the improvement of workmen's homes. A wise supervision of owners and the enforcement of the present laws will do far more for the question than legislative enactment, private enterprise doing much more efficient work than public.

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

SHE was a clerk in the Treasury at Washington on a salary of nine hundred dollars a year; he was in the post-office enjoying the privileges afforded by an income of twelve hundred. Once in a while there was a holiday, when they would take the boat down to Mount Vernon, if it was warm, and spread their luncheon in the shade of its historic trees and patronize nature as successfully as if they were nabobs. Sometimes they had tickets given them for a comedy or tragedy, when they laughed or cried with the discernment of millionaires and the old families. On Sunday mornings they sang in a choir and walked out to Long Bridge later in the day, or strolled in the Capitol grounds and surprised the first violet in its hiding place. Helen's landlady told every new boarder that Mr. Van Vleck "was going with" Miss Hildreth, but Miss Helen always protested that he was merely a friend, that they were neighbors at home, and had gone to school together when they were in their pinafores; and the landlady always sniffed when she remarked, "If he's nothing but a friend I should think there'd be a secession of his love-making sooner or later."

One day when they were rambling about Mount Vernon together Helen fell into a romancing vein. "Suppose this is my country seat," said she, "and I have furnished it in the Queen Anne style, and I'm entertaining the *crème de la crème*, just as they do in novels!"

"A sort of Lady Geraldine—and I am the poor poet, eh?"

"All but the poetry," mocked Helen. "Now suppose this is my manor house," suggested Theodore, "furnished in the renaissance, let us say—I'm making great demands on your imagination—and I'm entertaining all the swells. I've lured you here on the pretext of looking for a four-leafed clover, but really to ask if you will share my magnificence with me: what should you say?"

"I should put my lessons in gymnastics into use and jump at the chance."

"And if I should ask instead,

"Come share my cottage, gentle maid?"

"Don't!" cried Helen.

He looked at her a little blankly.

"You don't mean that you care so little for me?"

"I don't mean anything. Don't let us talk about marrying and giving in marriage; we are happy enough as we are."

"But if I don't marry you some other fellow will!"

"Nonsense; penniless girls are a drug in the market. I've seen misery enough from marrying on a small salary; I've seen people living in two rooms, on 'water and a crust,' so to speak, doing their own work, with no pleasures and no society, and no hope of amendment; people who thought love would tide them over all the quicksands—and presently the hallucination wore off, but the quicksands remained; reproaches set in; she grew bitter and unlovely, and he morose and neglectful!"

"Then you think love an hallucination?"

"I think marriage is a mistake on twelve hundred a year. If I became dowdy and hadn't time to cultivate a taste for esthetics or whatever was the fashionable craze, and grew jaded and spiritless with the uncongenial task of washing pots and kettles and stewing over a range, and if nobody turned to look after me as I passed, one day you would find yourself disenchanted. Then, supposing the new administration should push you out of office, even for a month, or you should fall ill? No, we are happy enough just as we are; don't let us discuss marriage; let us wait, like Mr. Micawber, till something turns up."

And so Van Vleck waited. Perhaps he was disappointed in Helen's views, but he refused to confess it even to himself; all women felt so, he supposed, cared more for shadow than substance, or mistook the one for the other; it was their poetic temperament which made poverty hateful to them and splendor their natural atmosphere, and he applied himself more diligently than ever to his idea, working far into the night at times.

"You were not at the President's last



HANS MAKART.

PAINTER OF "VENICE DOING HOMAGE TO CATHARINE CORNARO," ETC., ETC.

evening," one of his fellow clerks said to him later.

"I? No; I should think not."

"But Miss Hildreth was there; she and Mr. Sterling, M. C., were hand in glove. I heard him ask her to go and hear 'Lohengrin' to-morrow night."

"Mr. Sterling is in luck," was all Van Vleck ventured to say; he did not choose to carry his heart on his sleeve for every clerk to peck at. If Mr. Sterling was fascinated by Helen, it surely was no fault of hers; many a man had been bewitched by her before this elderly congressman, only Theodore forgot that they had all been needy suitors—and as for Helen, he felt as sure of her as of seed time and harvest.

But on one occasion he left his work early and hastened to see her; a cloud of ugly rumors had assailed him and interfered with his tasks; she should brush all the cobwebs out of his heaven. He met her coming down the staircase in a white evening dress, with flowers in her hand—costly exotics, such as wealthy lovers send their sweethearts, such as he had never dared to buy.

"Where did they come from," he demanded.

"They grew, I 'spects—like Topsy," answered Helen, laughing uneasily.

"Where did you get them, Helen?"

"You are inquisitive, Mr. Van Vleck. They were sent me."

"By Mr. Sterling?"

"You do credit to your nationality, you're a capital Yankee. Yes, by Mr. Sterling, of course."

"Helen," he cried, beneath his breath—

"Helen, are you going to marry Mr. Sterling?"

"I—I believe I am," she said, dropping her eyes.

Theodore never knew exactly how he found his way out of the house; he was vaguely aware of brushing against a stout gentleman in a fur-trimmed ulster, as he shot into the street, of a stately carriage and pair standing at the door, and a dark-browed lady leaning out to look after him.

The next day he resigned his position in the post-office, drew his savings from the bank and left Washington. It were well, perhaps, if he could put deserts and seas and mountain ranges between Helen and himself. It seemed to him as if the earth had reeled from its orbit, and it required time for him to readjust himself to the situation. His idea was all that was left to him; he put into it all his earnings, he devoted heart and soul to its development, and he finally forgot himself and Helen Hildreth in his work and its success.

It was seven or eight years later that they met, oddly enough, on the Mount Vernon boat. Her vivacity was no longer the spontaneous effervescence of youth and hope; she was a trifle *passée*, perhaps.

"Wealth and splendor have not proved all her fancy painted them," he thought as

their eyes met. "Mr. Van Vleck," she cried, "who would have dreamed of meeting you here!" Was the pleasure which brightened her eyes and deepened her somewhat exaggerated dimples a reminiscence of her power or was Mrs. Sterling a married flirt, he wondered. "We have heard of you often, to be sure," she purred. "The newspapers have not been silent concerning you and your great invention. I've always felt an ownership in that invention, do you know? I felt as if I were behind the scenes, let into the secret before the rest of the outside world, when it was only a dream. I've resented every infringement!"

"I am flattered that you remember my small affairs," said Theodore humbly.

"Remember," she repeated with a lingering accent, "I have nothing else to do."

"I come down here sometimes," she pursued after a brief pause, "when we have a holiday, for the sake of *ould lang syne*, and try to believe I am seven years younger and the world before me where to choose. I like to come when the peach trees are in bloom, as they were that day when we built our castles in the air. Mine have crumbled into dust."

"Mrs. Sterling, I am sorry to hear you speak so."

She stared at him an instant, blushed and dropped her eyes in the old effective way. "Haven't you heard," she said, "I didn't marry Mr. Sterling?"

Perhaps she expected Theodore to beam with sudden happiness and rehearse the old story she had refused to hear once before.

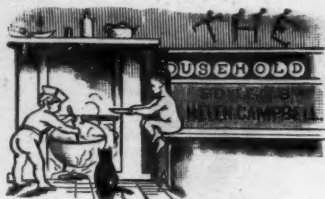
"You left no address, you know," defending herself from the reproaches she anticipated. "Mr. Sterling died before the wedding day was set. I thought you would see it in the newspapers. I am a Treasury girl yet, Theodore. Do you know that I sometimes wish that I had never seen Mr. Sterling?"

Only the Fates know what Van Vleck would have answered, but just at that moment a bit of *crêpe lisse* floated into their neighborhood and a voice like a summer brook cried, "Oh, my veil, Theodore!" Theodore put out a hand but it eluded him; Helen made a quick movement and caught it on the wing.

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Van Vleck, Miss Hildreth," he said. "She would like to thank you."

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

PROBABLY no author in the nineteenth century has shown as great a degree of courtesy to autograph hunters as Mr. Longfellow, many reluctant authors having admitted that their silence under written application or their impatience at personal request has been met with the remark, "Why, Longfellow sent me his at once." Only a successful author knows the tax this can become, and even Longfellow's compliance failed at last.



EARNING AND SPENDING.

LONG ago a serious and practical man, a natural leader and the arbiter in all disputed questions for a whole neighborhood, said in my hearing that according to his experience the most essential thing after a man had made any money was to find some wise woman to spend it, if much real good were to be got out of it. And in spite of the fling heard daily, "Oh, yes; it takes a woman to make the money fly!" time has proved the truth of his remark, and women have shown themselves far wiser disbursers of money than men. Their peculiar skill lies in making the most of a given sum, and I have yet to find the woman of any real sense and energy who, if she has been allowed a fair understanding of precisely what degree of expenditure is reasonable, has not shown herself capable of a wise financiering, able enough to give her honorable place among money-makers. If "Poor Richard" retains his old infallibility and "a penny saved" is still "a penny earned" there is many a woman who could easily count her thousands. And even where training has been wanting, where the relation of expenditure to income is a total mystery and a dollar represents only what it will buy at the moment, not many lessons will be needed to open willing eyes and teach the knowledge that should have been given in girlhood.

No law in married life is of more positive application, and none has been more calmly set aside than that which makes the wife the proper agent of expenditure. In that formidable and most momentous partnership the very closeness of the tie makes it imperative that it should be so arranged as to produce no unnecessary friction. Consultation is essential in the beginning, and whether the income is five hundred or five thousand the general features of the outgo must be decided. Beyond that all details fall legitimately into the woman's hands, and the best powers she has should be given to marking out her fixed course as disburser.

The man's time and strength are for acquisition. For the majority this means many hours a day of concentrated thought and labor. Every resource of mind and body is often taxed to the uttermost. In many cases the occupation compels frequent absence from home. To add to this labor that of keeping household accounts or of overseeing every expenditure is unfair and unjust not only to him but to the wife. Often she dreads it, and willingly throws off the burden; but it is hers naturally, nevertheless, and her own share in the joint struggle is misunderstood when she rejects it.

"A good provider" is said to be the New England woman's ideal of a husband, and this same good provider will probably say of his wife, "She's a splendid housekeeper." Both are blundering. He in his faith that a good cook, sweeper and duster is necessarily a good housekeeper; she in considering it his business to see that the pantry is well stocked and his table abundantly supplied. The woman who contentedly accepts such arrangement has not yet passed out from childhood or learned that marriage means more than passive acceptance of whatever is ordered for her.

Successful enterprise must have the combined energy and accuracy of perfect machinery, where each part being especially adapted for work does it without interfering in the least with any other part. Both home and its owners will be dignified and ennobled if the same wisdom in adjusting means to ends is shown. Love is the foundation of all true marriage, but common sense is quite as important a factor. Two persons who engage to marry are entering into a life-long business partnership, and the full recognition of what obligations exist on either side would put an end to nine-tenths of the miserable bickering, misunderstanding and incompatibility, with its finality of separation or divorce.

Housekeeping is a department, and when understandingly done, a full half of this life's business. The wife is most certainly executive head of this department, and until each detail is brought into subordination to every other detail, and all hold their true relations to one common purpose there is inevitably the friction and jar and noise

which mean an imperfect engine and an incompetent engineer. And in this house-keeping department is included all the household buying and the necessary account keeping. The man's contact with home is not permanent, but casual. The woman, from her very position, is in constant relation to its requirements. She can best judge the relative need and value of anything to be bought, and if the chance for any experience has been allowed her, can buy with better judgment and clearer knowledge. And if still she hesitates and draws back, and says as I have heard women say, "Oh, I'm such a child still; I don't know anything about business; Charley always attends to everything," let Charley himself rouse her to a sense of the situation, and do for her the work her mother should have done had she, poor soul, had any superfluous sense or reason to use or transmit. Life does not always hold its "Charley." Change and disaster come, but whether they come or not, to every woman who would have her place in the world mean something more than a negation, must be the resolute mastering of all detail and unflinching patience through all blundering or failure, victory at last being born of defeat.

BEEFSTEAKS AND CHOPS.

The last Duke of Norfolk used to say that there was as marked a difference between beefsteaks as between faces; and indeed, there is a far greater variety in them than most people imagine. The favorite English steak is from the rump; the French use the sirloin; but the fillet and rib steak is the best.

If an Englishman wants a plain steak he likes it grilled; and it must have the taste of the fire on it. If he wants a sauce, he thinks first of oyster sauce; the juice of the oysters being mixed with a good brown gravy.

Beefsteak à la Maitre d'Hôtel is the best known French steak. It is cut from the sirloin, and served with a piece of maitre d'hôtel butter melting upon it, in the dish. This butter is easily made. Knead fresh butter with parsley (scalded and chopped), pepper, salt and lemon juice. When any dish is said to be à la maitre d'hôtel it is served with this butter, either upon or under the meat where it melts.

Beefsteak with Ravigote—Pick-me-up.—This word is given to an assemblage of four herbs—tarragon, chives, chervil, and burnet—minced small, or used as a faggot, and supposed, from their fine flavor to have the faculty of resuscitation. Minced ravigote is a fine garniture for salads; and in such case is served to each guest on a saucer, each herb apart, in four little heaps, to be used by the salad maker at his or her pleasure. For steaks, the chopped ravigote is kneaded with a bit of fresh butter, pepper, salt, and put upon the steak and allowed to melt over it.

Beefsteak with Beurre Sauce.—This sauce is made with the yolks of eggs and butter—three yolks to three ounces of butter, or four yolks to four ounces. Put the yolks on the fire and stir very gradually in the butter. Lastly, add a teaspoonful of chopped tarragon or ravigote.

Beefsteak à la Châteaubriand is cut from the best part of the fillet, and is nearly twice the thickness of an ordinary steak. This involves a peculiar way of cooking; for, by the ordinary method it would be burnt on the outside and quite raw in the centre; it is therefore put upon the fire between two other slices of beef, which are thrown away when the thick steak is ready to brown.

The Steak of the famous Beefsteak Club was grilled and served so hot that the club saw the white-clad cook turn them and the waiter take them from the gridiron. The accompaniments were baked potatoes, Spanish onion, cold and fried, beet root and chopped eschalot. Toasted cheese ended the repast.

The garnishes to steaks are, first, potatoes, cooked in various ways; onions and potatoes done up in the Lyonnese way. Grilled mushrooms and tomatoes are among the very best of all garnishes, after which come Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, haricot pods and beans.

The chop is the first and last, the best and the worst of dinners. The boarding-house chop, fried in its own fat in a frying-pan, is the worst specimen. The domestic is usually but little better. If the gridiron has replaced the frying-pan it is not so greasy, but it is often quite as dry and insipid. It is nearly black, except where the bars of the gridiron have left light lines, and it has a fringed edge of black fat.

The perfect Chop is a plump, triangular mass of bright, brown meat, furnishing when cut plenty of ruddy gravy and forkful after forkful of juicy, tender meat. It wants nothing but interludes of white, stale bread and floury potato, with a dash of mushroom ketchup. Some chop eaters ask for cauliflower, pepper and sauces, but no one with a cultivated palate admits anything with chops but salt, stale bread, potato and mushroom ketchup.

"Ten minutes and ten turnings" is the finest axiom about chop cooking. "Why do you turn so often?" I once asked the cook of the famous White Swan Inn, Bradford, Yorkshire. "Because," was the answer, "if I do not turn often the chop will gradually harden all through, driving the juices before it till they overflow into the fire. The moment the juices are driven

into the centre of the chop it must be turned, and turned continually, so that the juice is retained and both sides equally cooked."

Chops ought to be sawed, not cut. They should be an inch or an inch and a quarter thick. The gridiron of iron must be scrupulously clean and hot before the meat is put on it—enameled gridirons and channeled bars are all nonsense—then slant the gridiron well, so that the fat trickles away. Chops should be turned either with tongs or with two spoons; the cook who would stick a fork into a chop and thus let out its delicious gravy ought to take off his apron forever.

AMELIA E. BARR.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

"JEHOVAH" is the title of the new poem soon to be published by the Queen of Roumania.

"EUROPEAN BREEZES," by Margery Deane, otherwise Mrs. Pitman, is already in its second edition.

No less than three hundred and forty periodicals were started in the United States last year, the majority of them filling early graves.

THE road running on the sea front of the house at Birchington-on-the-Sea, in which Dante Rossetti died, has been christened with the name of the poet.

THUS far there has been no library edition of the novels of Samuel Richardson, but the need will now be met by twelve thick volumes to be published next autumn in London.

MISS MARIE A. BROWN, a Philadelphian now living in Chicago, is the authorized translator of the works of King Oscar of Sweden, which will soon be rendered into English.

THE real name of "Christian Reid," one of the best among Southern novelists, is Johnson. She is an exceedingly quiet and reserved person, with no desire to be known as a writer, and is unmarried.

A "GEOGRAPHICAL READER" is the latest attempt at condensed information for public school children, who by its means are taken around the world and questioned at each stage upon the journey. It will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE biographical sketch of Longfellow by F. H. Underwood, makes a volume of very nearly four hundred pages. There are several illustrations, one being a portrait on steel of the poet, and until the full biography is ready there can be no better memorial.

No English scientific man has ever been held in higher honor in Germany and Austria than Charles Darwin. The Vienna journal which published the news of his death apologized for mentioning politics at all "on a day when humanity has suffered so great a loss."

A VOLUME of "Essays from the Critic" will be published this month by James R. Osgood & Co., made up of the choicest contributions to that periodical from the pens of E. C. Stedman, John Burroughs, R. H. Stoddard, Walt Whitman, Julia Ward Howe, the late Dr. Bellows and others.

ONE of the most valuable of recent works is Skeat's Etymological Dictionary, and it has also been one of the most expensive. A cheap edition issued by Macmillan & Co. is now ready, an exact and unabridged reprint of the English edition, and it is now quite within the reach of the ordinary student.

FIVE editions of Froude's "Life of Carlyle" are now for sale in New York, but of course this is no argument for International Copyright. The Scribners print the authorized edition; the Harpers issue it in the Franklin Square Library, and in a cloth binding at \$1; and J. S. Ogilvie & Co. have it in their "People's Library," also in two forms.

TWENTY-THIRD STREET in New York is fast becoming headquarters for the great publishing houses. Henry Holt & Co. add one more to the list, their present quarters having proved entirely inadequate to their growing business, and they will soon occupy the building running through from 29 West Twenty-third street to 8 West Twenty-fourth.

DODD, MEAD & Co. have published a cheap edition of E. P. Roe's "Barriers Burned Away," of which they have printed 100,000 copies. Mr. Roe has during the past six months received copyright on 48,639 volumes of his stories, but in spite of this fact, not less than 48,639 aspiring authors are at this moment doomed to failure, and will achieve it at their first attempt.

THE new volumes of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," in which he treats of the American Revolution, are said to be singularly free from any suspicion of partisanship. George the Third is mentioned with a severity not at all usual in the author's political judgments, and the king's refusal to send for Lord Chatham in 1778 he declares to be of the same character as the refusal to admit Fox into the Cabinet in 1804, and "as criminal as any of those acts which led Charles the First to the scaffold."

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

FANNY'S FAN.

LET Fanny wave her fan
And Fanny always can
(How well I know and rue it!)
Subdue the stoutest man
Whose eyes may see her do it!
No fan but Fanny's fan
Can do what Fanny's can
With heart of mortal man,
To capture and subdue it!

Let Fanny wave her fan
As Fanny only can,
(How well she loves to do it!)
And soon the coldest man
Succumbs in rapture to it!
No fan but Fanny's fan
Can do what Fanny's can
To charm the heart of man,
Enrapture and subdue it!

C. A. BUSKINK.

OIL SWAMP, NEAR DEL.

OUR CONTINENT:

Cousin Polly were a-telling me about a man what lives to the office of "OUR CONTINENT," named Rhadamanthus, she said a man were a-telling her he were terrible, I asked her who were Rhadamanthus, she told me he were the judge of the "Infernal regions." I asked Polly what she a-tell me 'twas where bad folks go. "What for," folks what rite and tell stories and try to chisel him out of his time, especially bad little boys what dont spell write and is allers a-askin questions, thats what Polly told me, how a little chap to find out things without he's allers a-askin questions, I wonder. And she told me Rhadamanthus took a man once, a long time ago, and put him in water up to his chin, and he wer'nt drowned, only he were allers dry, and when he stooped to drink, the water run away, I'd a-jump out and run away too, if I'd a-bin him, and there were a lot of goodies for him to look at, doughnuts, gingercakes, candies, and cigars and apples and peaches and everything, and just as soon as ever he went to take a thing, it were snatched away. That ere Rhadamanthus a-must a-bin a mean tantalizing sort of a chap anyway. And there were another fellow what he fastened to a wheel and it a-kept a-turning day and night it beats me out, how 'twas, he wer'nt killed. And Polly said there were another man he made roll a great big stone up a hill, and when 'twere a-most to the top, way 'twould roll down again, and away he'd go to rolling again, jimmie but he must a-bin warm and tired afore night. And there were a lot of women, with snakes to whip folks with, Ugh, makes me scared, I wonder if they ever whip little chaps what hook sugar out of the sugar bowl, Cousin Polly says "Tis likely." But she said there a woman named Sibyl, what wer'nt afraid of them nor Rhadamanthus either, and a chap what was allers young and pretty and played the fiddle named Apollo, was in love with her, but she wer'nt with him, and he was mad about it, and after he'd promised to let her live a thousand years, was that mean to tell her, she should grow old and wrinkled, and nobody would listen to anything she said, only after she were ded they'd be sorry. I dont see how that could be, for they'd be mor'en a thousand years old, and I never heard tell of a man being near that old, cept Methuselah. Polly says Sibyl were a simple woman not to love that nice Apollo, and allers stay young, and not have her face wrinkled up by the "chiselings of time."

BOB WHITE.

ESTRAYS.

SCHOOL-HOUSES should have lightning rods on them, for if you spare the rod the children may be spoiled.

A YOUNG man in this city who practiced in the gymnasium one afternoon only was enabled to jump his board the very next day.

"WE'RE in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" mourned an old lady.

A WAG, who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer, said: "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, give this man three pig's feet."

"KE has an irritating skin disease," says Mrs. Partington. "Charlotte russe broke out all over him, and if he hadn't worn the Injun beads as an omelet it would doubtless have culminated fatally."

THERE is a man in Newark, N. J., so close that when he attends church he occupies the pew farthest from the pulpit to save the interest on his money while the collectors are passing the plate for contributions.

YOUR future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was about getting married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding, "these are his last wishes."

PRACTICAL young belle to utterly utter young man: "Algernon?" "What is it, my pensive lily?" "You ought to study up the theory of ensilage, Algernon." "And what is ensilage, my languid one?" "Oh, it shows how to keep green things green till the winter's gone, Algernon, and don't you wish to live till spring, Algy?"—*Boston Herald.*

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day during a conversation about the saints and the apostle. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know," replied the landlady, "for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

MORIBUND husband (to esthetic wife): "Well, Jennie, the doctor says I must soon leave you. Do not grieve; I have provided handsomely for you in my will. You will keep my memory green, won't you, my love?" Esthetic wife (sobbing): "Dearest, I will; and I will see that your grave is kept green also (reflectingly), but not one of those horrid bright colors. A nice olive gray green, with an old gold tombstone, will look too awfully lovely for anything."

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PRINCIPLE

—OF THE—

CURE OF DISEASE

—BY—

MAGNETIC CURRENTS AS APPLIED

—BY THE—

"WILSONIA" GARMENTS.

Experimental physiology has proved beyond all question that the nervous powers are the controlling agencies by which the various functional activities are carried on and perfected, and of the many theories that have been promulgated by physiologists respecting the nature of nervous power, and how it expends its influence, there is not one that seems more feasible and more consistent with its modes and the phenomena of its manifestation than the idea that electricity, or more properly magnetism, is the native and mysterious force through whose agency the great impelling nerve powers of the body are kept in constant possession of their controlling influences and effects. No agent has yet been found that can quicken the benumbed and paralyzed member or faculty like the reinvigorating stimulus of electromagnetism. This being so, then an affinity or identity between this mysterious force and nerve manifestation is indisputable, and if, as has been said, the nervous powers are the controlling agencies of the functional activities of the body, and if these powers are due to electrical or magnetic influences, then the presence or absence of the one must assuredly induce the vitality or non-vitality of the other. Again, what are some of the effects that we commonly see produced by disease? Take, for example, that form of nervous and muscular derangement called Locomotor Ataxia. What is Locomotor Ataxia? The two words signify want or absence of order or method in locomotion: the patient is incapable of directing his movements, and hence we see the hesitating, stumbling efforts to walk, the proneness to falling, etc., followed in due time by helpless and complete paralysis. By the teachings of pathology we are directed to the nature of the disease and the organs affected by it, but that we will not discuss here, except to say that the muscular powers of the body fail to receive their nerve stimulation, only in an intermittent and irregular way, and in consequence the muscles, instead of being kept in their wonted activity and contractibility, as it is technically called, now act feebly and ineffectually, and the patient staggers and stumbles in his efforts at locomotion. The resources of medicine are almost inert here, and as a last resort the subtle influences of electricity are invoked by the physician. Why does he fail to reanimate and restore? Simply because he employs the electric influences intermittently and feebly, and the deadened nerve forces, instead of being reinforced and strengthened, are only fitfully agitated, and thereby rendered more powerless than ever. In the same way we might consider the delay or cessation of the functional activities in other parts or organs of the body, viz: the lungs, liver, kidneys, stomach, intestines, etc.; but this must be left to more extended investigation. What then, and where to be found, is the power that can again renew these incomplete and enfeebled functional forces? An abundant and constantly increasing experience embracing diseases of every kind and in every degree, enables us, confidently and without fear of successful contradiction, to point to the "WILSONIA" CURRENTS OF MAGNETISM, as dispensed by the "Wilsonia" garments, as the searching and potential agency by which disease is traced and discovered in the hidden recesses of the human body, uprooted from its hold upon the laboring organs and ignominiously expelled, to the great joy and comfort of the patient at his final deliverance from sickness and suffering.

In conclusion, we will not adopt the usual custom of publishing the numerous and remarkable testimonials which have been given to us by voluntary contribution. We invite our readers to inspect them at our office, No. 25 East Fourteenth street, New York City, and to our readers elsewhere we will gladly furnish them upon application, with all the evidences which we possess of all kinds. Send for pamphlets with testimonials.

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Arabella—"You don't like Tennis—you don't enjoy the German—you don't care for Polo. What do you do?"
 George—"Oh, I collect—"
 Arabella (immediately showing great interest)—"Collect what? Old china?"
 George—"Not exactly. I collect my rents and interest."
 (Strange to say, Arabella's interest does not abate.)

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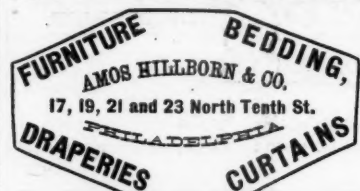
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